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PAINTINGS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT GENOA

BY MICHELE DE BENEDETTI



THE HOLY FAMILY AND A DONOR

By Palma il Vecchio

IN works of art, tapestries, rare furniture and valuable materials, the Royal Palace at Genoa is one of the richest and most elegant in Italy.

The most notable of its possessions are the paintings, some of them famous, but many unknown or little studied. It is my intention in this article to try and trace the origin and history of each, and to indicate those of major importance not known to the public, and which the art critics themselves have hitherto passed over in silence.

The Royal Palace possesses three authentic works by Van Dyck, who left so many treasures in Genoa. Far and away the most important is the large full-length portrait of a woman, which compares favourably with the best in the Palazzo Bianco and Palazzo Rosso. Schaeffer¹ published this as the portrait of Catherine Durazzo, but actually it is of Antonia Demarini, wife of Francesco Lercari, Duke of Genoa. A portrait of the same woman, painted when she was twenty-eight years old (she was born on April 8th, 1603), is to be found in the possession of the Marquis

Carlo Coccapani Imperiale Lercari. In this she is wearing a red rose behind her left ear, as in the one at Genoa, though the latter was certainly painted many years afterwards, and she appears definitely stouter and older.

Then there are two minor works by Van Dyck. In the first of these, "Christ on the Cross" with a stormy sky in the background, the figure is turned noticeably to the right, a position rarely seen; in other pictures by Van Dyck of a similar subject, Jesus is painted full face or turned towards the left. The second is a "Portrait of an old lady," dressed in black with a white collar and veil, and which, after being attributed to various other painters, is now one of the most attractive works by the great master that have been re-established as his own; it has, in fact, all his characteristic merits, but the draughtsmanship is unusually accentuated and more than ordinarily firm.

In the same room is the "Portrait of a Man," dressed in black, and with a cap. Formerly this also was attributed to Van Dyck, but now, because of the peculiar selection of a type, it is believed with some certainty to be the work of

¹ Emil Schaeffer—Van Dyck—Stuttgart and Leipzig—1909



HALL OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT GENOA

Paris Bordonne, and adds one more beautiful example to Italy's collection of pictures by the painter of the "Venetian Lovers" at the Brera.

* * *

In the gallery on the first floor are several paintings of great merit, some of which have given their names to the various rooms. In that which takes its name from Paul Veronese there is a picture which, even though it is not the famous original "Mary Magdalene washing the Feet of Christ," painted by Veronese in about 1566 (and taken to the Royal Gallery at Turin), we have at least an excellent copy of the same size, executed by David Corte (1657), son of Cesare, son in his turn of Valerio Corte—a pupil of Titian.

In the Throne room, along the side walls, are two magnificent canvases by Luca Giordano, that of "Olindo and Sofronia," taken from the "Gerusalemme liberata," being especially beautiful. The composition and pose of several of the figures, as for example the Moor holding a dog with a leash, remind one of the great Venetian school and of Veronese himself.

In the room which takes the name of Van Dyck there are some half-size figures of the seventeenth century: a "Mourning Madonna," the head covered, her hands joined, very delicate and sweet, by Sassoferrato; an "Archangel Gabriel," by Carlo Maratta; a "Samian Sibyl," by Guercino; and a "Holy Family," by Pierino del Vaga.

Of great interest are two paintings on wood, representing scenes from the legend of St. Agnes and St. Catherine, which Dülberg² attributes to a Dutch master of the second half of the fourteenth century, and probably, in my opinion, of the school of Gerard David. The perfect state of preservation, the interest of the subject, the curious costumes, and the still brilliant colouring, give these works a peculiar attraction.

In the Audience Chamber of H.M. the Queen are four paintings that deserve mention. There is a "Descent from the Cross," attributed to Gherardo delle Notti, but only because of the effect of artificial light. Nevertheless it is evidently a good Caravaggesca work. Opposite is a "St. Agustemo Apostolus Angliae," as it is described in writing on the canvas, by Ribera. Of the other two, the first is by Annibale Caracci and represents "The Temptation of St. Anthony," and the second, by Mattia Prete, called Calabrese, is a vigorous painting of St. John the Baptist.

²Franz Dülberg—Fruhnolhander in Italien—Haarlem 1906



PORTRAIT OF ANTONIA DEMARINI LERCARI
By Sir A. Van Dyck



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By Sir A. Van Dyck



PORTRAIT OF A MAN

By Paris Bordonne

On the walls is a "Supper of the Pharisees with Mary Magdalene washing the Feet of Christ," by Carlo Bovone da Ferrara, and a "Cumæan Sibyl," by Annibale Caracci.

In the Queen's Bedroom is a half-figure of "Mary Magdalene," very delicate and fine, by Guido Reni, and a "Madonna and Child with Two Angels," which was formerly in the Durazzo Palace, and which the writers of the eighteenth century stated to be a Titian; it has been retouched, in fact almost repainted, except for the head of the Madonna, and it is now difficult to imagine it to be the work of such an artist. Probably it is only a product of Titian's school.

In the two halls of "Tempo" and "Aurora," as in the other rooms on the ground floor, the canvases are hung in such a way as to appear part of the decoration, according to a Genoese custom. Among the interesting paintings is a "Head of a woman," by Titian, which may be considered as one of the latest portraits of his daughter Lavinia; another portrait, of a bearded man, is very probably by Tintoretto. We find, also, the half figure of a young man by Leonardo da Bassano, and a picture full of figures, "The

Adulteress," which goes under the name of "Moretto da Brescia." Although it is a work of mediocre painting, with a mixture of the Flemish and Italian schools, it is interesting because it shows in the background the monuments of Rome in the sixteenth century.

In the "Aurora" room, is a portrait of Phillip IV, King of Spain, which is attributed to Velasquez, and which, in fact, closely resembles the one in the London National Gallery, having the same details in the costume; it also resembles the picture in the Pinacoteca di Torino, having a great facial similarity. Is it an original, or a variation by his followers? It is difficult to say: I believe, nevertheless, in the second supposition, because of a certain weakness of style.

* * *

A vigorous rough sketch by Guido Reni is that for the picture "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," which is in the Church of St. Paul in Rome. By Bernardo Strozzi, called Il Cappuccino, is a canvas, "St. Laurence distributing Alms to the Poor," painted with his characteristic strength, and also a "Santa Barbara." Two canvases are



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By Titian



SCENE FROM THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES

School of Gerard David



SCENE FROM THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES

School of Gerard David

PAINTINGS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT GENOA

attributed to Caravaggio: a "Dead Christ," dark and heavy, and the "Dice Players."

In the same room are: "A Pharisee offering Money to Christ," by the Genoese artist Pier Paolo Raggi; a decorative circular painting representing "the Aurora," by Domenico Piola; and a picture on wood of great importance, a "Philosopher with his Finger on a Skull" as though to indicate the transience of human life, while in the background are the words "Uomo-Bulla." I believe it to be a Dutch work, and probably by Marinus van Roymerswale.

In the Hall of the Staffieri three of the four canvases, "The Sacrifice of Jefe," "The Triumph of Mardocheus," and a third of a mythological subject, are by Francesco Solimene, (Nocera-Napoli, 1657-1747); these give an effect of much richness, life and movement. The picture "Semiramis and Ninus" is of the French school and may be by Beaumont. Then there are two interesting pictures of "Naval battles between the Duke of Savoy and the Barbarians" which, from their style, are attributed to William van der Velde, although they lack his original force.

* * *

In the apartment on the ground floor, now called after the Duke of Abruzzi, there are other interesting works. First, is a portrait of a young girl, which is attributed to an artist of the Lombard school, resembling Boltraffio. But I think this picture belongs to a later period, and is perhaps the work of a good Genoese or Parmian artist. A "Virgin and Child, with

St. Joseph and a Donor," appears under the name of Lorenzo Lotto. In all probability, however, it is by Palma il Vecchio, and is an excellent painting, especially in the figure of the donor.

There are also, in the apartment on the ground floor, a "S. Teresa seeing the Vision of an Angel," by Bernardo Strozzi, called Il Cappucino; and a very fine canvas with a Venetian atmosphere, "The Martyrdom of St. Giustina," showing a large crowd, full of life and movement and rich in costume. It is attributed to Veronese, but is in all probability the work of Carletto Calari. A "St. Peter Denying Christ" is a mediocre canvas of the Caravaggio school, but there is an interesting picture by Guidobono, representing "Diana and Endymion," which is certainly among his best. Also noteworthy are the rough sketch of the "Naval Battle of the Meloria," which Giovanni David (1743-1790) painted for the Hall of the Gran Consiglio in Genoa, and another sketch by the same Genoese artist, "The Doge Montaldo restoring liberty to the Lusignani." There is also a self-portrait of the painter.

* * *

In the Gallery of Tapestries are three large French pieces of great value. One depicts the dispute of Otis and Ephialte, with the intervention of Diana. The cartoon is by Toussaint Dubrueil, and the tapestry makers are François de la Planche and Marco Comans, a Flemish artist who worked in Paris during the early years of the seventeenth century.



THE DISPUTE BETWEEN OTIS AND EPHIALTE. Flemish Tapestry Seventeenth Century De la Planche and Marco Comans

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

BY HERBERT FURST



THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD

By Charles Sims, R.A.

(Lent by the Tate Gallery)

ONE'S tendency, in contemplating such exhibitions as this, is to be misled by a fortuitous companionship the main reason for which is the accidental fact that the authors of the exhibits are "recently deceased." Thus one inclines to consider them as Academicians, as British, or as artists of a definite period.

Such angles of approach are, of course, more or less justifiable, though Wyllie and Dicksee were old enough to have been the father of Orpen; but they are far from being significant. An artist may be a Royal Academician, he must belong to some period and generally, at least, also to a country—artists such as Holbein, Mor, van Dyck, Whistler, or here, Lambert and Ricketts, to give a few instances, are exceptions—but the measure of greatness is precisely the degree to which a man transcends the limitations thrust upon him by time and environment. Therein lies both his individuality and his humanity.

"I see you can paint; but what have you to say?" was Jean François Millet's comment on the work of a young student who had asked for a criticism.

Unfortunately latter-day critics have so persistently stressed the value of the "painting" part of Art that the "saying" part is often not merely ignored, but even considered a hindrance to æsthetical expression. Art with such a definition becomes a kind of calligraphy which depends on the shaping of the letters, the elegance of the scrolls and the filling of the page, the meaning of the words being disregarded.

Art, however, is not limited to its calligraphic values. What the artist has to say is expressed in the way in which he says it: one cannot separate one from the other.

This "Commemorative Exhibition," therefore, reveals not only the craftsmanship of a number of artists, but also and above all it reflects the mind of fourteen men.

The sprightliest, noisiest, least morbid and most prolific and also by far the most dexterous of their number is Orpen. What is wrong with Orpen's mind was its tempo, an unceasing *allegro vivace*. His hand and eye were so amazingly quick and sure that it left him no time to think, to ponder, to digest. His emotions were quickly roused, and his intellect was keen but impatient; his hand was amazingly true, but apparently did not like plodding. Look at his large painting of the "Holy Well," and you will see how his emotions flare up here and there in this figure, in that group, in other figures, other groups. There is subject-matter enough for half-a-dozen pictures, but not enough for this one. Orpen's mind was tremendously alive to facts but impatient of their mutual entanglements. In examining some of his best portraits you will find that he nearly always has had to have at least two "goes" at each. He "went for" likeness, and got it; and again for a background "to match," but the matching was superficial, not organic, and generally quite irrelevant to the sitter. A man with a silver hair and beard, such as "The late Very Rev. H. M. Butler, D.D.," is given a brocaded silver drapery as a background: the "match" is obvious, the unity absent. In the background of the portrait of the present Archbishop of Canterbury there is red and green draping as unrelated to the sitter as they are to each other. Even where he gives the sitter a relevant background, as in the portrait of the architect Guy Dauber, this unity is disturbed by the value of the greens in the architectural plan which serves as a

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

foil. So long as his interest remains concentrated, his painting is brilliant, but there are intervals of relaxation even in a single work and the unity is ruptured. One feels that not only in most of his portraits, especially the later ones, but even more in his subject pictures. In one of the happiest, "In the Dublin Mountains," the bear, or rather the texture of its fur, was obviously the starting-point of his idea, the two gipsies representing two further

the consequent schism in his work stands him in good stead. In "The Signing of Peace in the Hall of Mirrors" the contrast between the lively, spontaneously painted background and the conventional palette of the portraiture produces the effect of ironical intention, emphasized by the fact that none of the actors in this Tragedy, with the exception of the Germans, seems to have the slightest interest in the proceeding. Orpen had a great deal to



THE ARTIST'S FATHER AND MOTHER

(Lent by Mrs. Arthur Orpen)

By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

but separate moments of enthusiasm and concentration. "In the Dublin Mountains" is really three pictures on one canvas. It is not as if Orpen could not have produced greater unity: the precocious "Play Scene from 'Hamlet'" has it, as have others—"Mother and Child" and "The Wash-house," for example; but the "Hamlet" picture shows in its subject-matter the fundamental restlessness of his nature. Sometimes his impatience and

say, but the *tempo* of his mind seldom left him the time to express himself connectedly. It would be wrong to decry Orpen's merits as a portrait painter; there are dozens of finished or unfinished works here in the show alone which prove his astonishing insight into character, the keenness of his eye and the precision of his hand, all respects in which he has had few equals. There are, moreover, hundreds of drawings which make his merits



THE CAFÉ ROYAL, LONDON

(Lent by the Musée National du Jeu de Paume, Paris)

By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

(Left, William Nicholson; foreground, James Pryde and Augustus John; extreme right, George Moore)

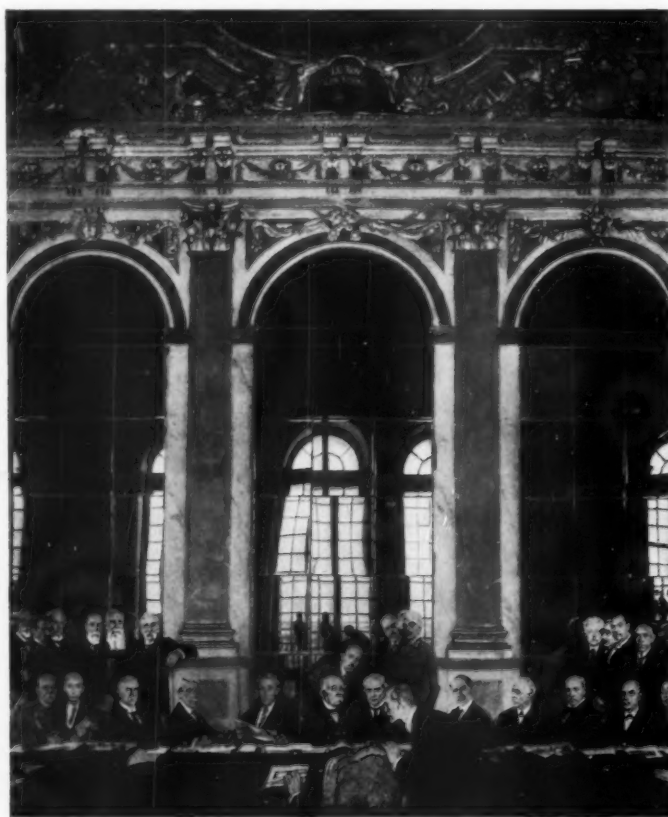
THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

as a craftsman indisputable. If, nevertheless, doubts remain whether he can be ranked amongst the *great* artists it is because his temper was too quick, his mind had insufficient staying power.

It would, at first sight, seem absurd to claim for the late Sir Frank Dicksee an equality in skill with Orpen. One need, however, only compare Dicksee's imitation of mother of pearl with Orpen's imitations in the still-life called "China and Japan" to see that, if anything, Dicksee was the more skilful "imitator" of nature. The great difference between the two is not in eye or hand

the theatrical costumier than on any deep poetical feeling. His art is not profound because it is nature disguised but not digested, just as his naturalism is cloying because it is loaded with sentimentality. All this is a question of mind, however, and not of æsthetical or technical ability.

Like Dicksee, Charles Ricketts's beginnings coincide with neo-romanticism, but the contrast between Dicksee and Ricketts is as great as that between either and Orpen. Far less skilful than the late President of the Royal Academy and the pert "Orps"—in fact, essentially more an



THE SIGNING OF PEACE AT VERSAILLES, JUNE 28TH, 1919
(Lent by the Imperial War Museum) By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

but in mind. Dicksee's *tempo* was infinitely slower, and left him time to consider his pictures as unities. Dicksee, in short, was not only as good a *painter* as Orpen, but better. That Dicksee should, in the opinion of posterity, rank as a greater *artist* than Orpen is nevertheless impossible. Dicksee's mind moved in the enfeebled atmosphere of a period which thought the mention of such things as of mother of pearl, of chrysoprase, amethyst, or peacocks' feathers constituted poetical diction; it is the period which dressed one of the "Housebuilders" in his portrait of "Sir W. E. and the Hon. Lady Welby Gregory" in a "Gretchen" costume. Dicksee, even at his best, oozes this kind of sentiment which relies for its poetical expression more on the stock-in-trade of

aristocratic dilettante than a craftsman—Charles Ricketts achieved his position by a poetical sensibility and will power which brooked no *non possumus* from his fingers. If I were asked to give conclusive proof of his æsthetical sensibility I should point, not to the more obvious evidence of his paintings or his sculpture, not to his drawings and wood engravings, not even to his theatrical costumes and stage scenery, but to some designs of his for bookbindings, such as the binding of "Poems of Adoration," by Michael Field. These decorations consist of a few vertical and horizontal lines and a circle. Anyone can draw such lines with compasses and ruler; any craftsman could, and most, in fact, would, design more highly elaborate inventions; but it needs æsthetical

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

sensibility to arrange these simple elements into so satisfactory a relationship. Ricketts's attitude to art eschews all realism, the tide of impressionistic art left him unaffected. His world is entirely outside everyday life, just as his conception of the stage disregarded realism. He saw what he wanted to do with his inner vision, and his imagination was fertilized by a rare knowledge

Lambert. In all these cases the skill is great and obvious, Sims and Lambert displaying more of French elegance than Greiffenhagen, who is more heavy-handed. In each of these cases, however, we are made conscious of mind; that never quite "knew their own mind." Greiffenhagen's popularity rests—or perhaps one must already say rested—on his picture "Idyll." It is a



THE LATE MR. ROLAND F. KNOEDLER

By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

(Lent by Messrs. Knoedler & Co.)

of literature and of museum collections. Contemporary of Leon Bakst of the Russian Ballet, Ricketts developed independently a similar theatrical language based on a free adaptation of historical and ethnographical elements, a symbolic use of colour, and an æsthetic unity of the stage picture. Ricketts's mind was intellectually richer and æsthetically more creative than either Dicksee's or Orpen's. For him, I think, the perishable flower of immortality will bloom longer than for any of his companions here, but it will bloom in a more secluded garden.

Interesting problems are presented to us by the works of Maurice Greiffenhagen, Charles Sims and George

sentimental affair of dreamlike indefinición. Fumbling about, in his portraiture, with low-toned impressionism he suddenly veered to a strong and personal conception more allied to his magazine illustrations, decorative posters and poster-like decorations. This later style of portrait painting, of which nearly every example here is fine, constitute, in spite of some conspicuous imperfections, his principal claim to a share of so-called immortality. The contradictions in his decorative work are too great to permit much faith in the authenticity of his inspiration.

George Lambert, too, was never, despite his swaggering assertiveness, certain of himself, though his imitative skill was as great as Orpen's—his "Convex



BOMBING :—NIGHT By Sir William Orpen, R.A.
(Lent by the Imperial War Museum)



CAPTAIN CARROLL CARSTAIRS By Sir William Orpen, R.A.
(Lent by Captain Carroll Carstairs)

Mirror" is proof of this; his æsthetic sensibility, at least during one period of his life, was unquestionably greater. It is proved by a delightful little fresco panel, "Carnino," and the greater æsthetic unity of his portrait groups. His portrait of "Olave Cunningham Graham" is more delicate, more elegant and more coherent than any of Orpen's portraits of women. But how can a painter of this and of the "Carnino" have produced so ineffective a thing as the "Surrender of Kazimain"? Again we must seek the explanation in some lack of intellectual stability rather than in technical incapacity.



THE LITTLE ARCHER By Charles Sims, R.A.
(Lent by Lord Blanesburgh)

The case of Charles Sims is likewise one of tragic instability of mind. Throughout his career, Sims's inspiration was purely poetical; so much so that he peopled his experiments in impressionistic studies of atmospherical light with fauns and nymphs—as may be seen in two of his best pictures, "The Fountain" and the "Interrupted Picnic," though the study for the latter surpasses the finished painting in merit. However, he abandoned atmospheric impressionism in favour of a more poetical freedom, as may be seen even in the portrait of William McEwan Younger and "The Countess of Rocksavage and her Son." Here, however, the rift that was to widen in his soul already begins to show itself; the architectural setting is no longer "of a piece" with the sitter's portraits. This clash of sanity with, shall we call it unsaneness rather than insanity, becomes more insistent in the background of the "Theresa, daughter of P. Lumley-Ellis, Esq.," and in the strange orange

chromes of the portrait of "Mrs. Konstam." Finally, we have the two groups of paintings in the Architecture Room which prove that the artist has abandoned the world we others live in. One group, done in what one must, I suppose, liken to the primitive Italian manner of the Botticelli—"Derelitta" type, is nevertheless distinguished by unusual colour and design—notably in the picture called "Extreme Unction"—and simple intelligibility of subject; the other series, one of the best of which is "The Rebellious Spirit," is as remarkable for the strange, metaphysical design and colour as for the unintelligibility of the content.

There remains—as we are not dealing here with the sculptors—four more portraits—Wyllie, La Thangue, Tuke and Muirhead.

Of these, Muirhead is unquestionably the greatest artist: he has at least the sense of æsthetical unity; but although he is better known for his landscapes, in oils and in water-colours, I think his Gainsboroughish portrait of young girls constitutes his stronger claim on our and on posterity's attention.



THE LITTLE APPLE

By Henry Poole, R.A.
(Lent by Mrs. Henry Poole)



MISS LILY CARSTAIRS (MRS. SAPORTAS)
By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

The three other painters are, I think, doomed soon to be lost in the millrace of Time, not because they were incompetent—though I have my doubts as to the capacity of Wyllie—but because they had almost nothing to say, and said that little again and again, and not conspicuously well.

* * *

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

The five sculptors represented at the Academy Exhibition are comprised in a working period of half a century, as Pomeroy was born in 1856 and Mackennal died in 1931. These two were essentially academic artists; Frampton was a craftsman, Ricketts a literary romanticist, and Poole an authentic carving sculptor. Poole was at the head of all five, as a direct worker in both glyptic and plastic, and as may be seen from the pieces here collected, and because of his craftsmanship, he was the best sculptor of them all. His "Little Apple" has now been accepted as the fine flower of carving by an Academician; and his life-size statue in bronze called "Hesitancy" is palpably one which will hold its own beside any of the plastic work of the last fifty years. The former piece belongs to the Tate Gallery, and it should be there coupled by the latter. Poole outdistanced his four contemporaries because he was amenable to the advanced tendencies of the century in sculpture. The fame of the little poems in bronze by Ricketts is not distinguished; Frampton's virtue lay in his combination of interesting materials; Pomeroy and Mackennal well maintained the smooth naturalistic classicism which was the best feature of the better sculptors of the traditional school. The sculpture represented is sound, but most of it is stationary.

K. P.

SOME UNCOMMON PIECES OF SILVER

BY W. G. MENZIES

THE unusual in any phase of collecting always has a particular appeal, and although the majority of collectors of old silver confine their attention to pieces of a purely domestic character, there are others who, disregarding the conventional, set out to acquire pieces whose appeal is largely due to their curious form or usage.

In the present article I describe a few pieces which come in the latter category, and which have appeared in the auction room during the past few years.

The first illustration is of a Charles II wax jack which on its appearance in Sotheby's rooms was claimed to be unique. In any case one fact is certain—no similar piece has ever before appeared in the saleroom, and it is very doubtful if there is another "jack" of such an ornate character in existence. It is a stand for holding a large taper roll for sealing, and was, according to tradition, given by Charles II to an ancestor of the late Colonel Fellows. Bearing the London hall-mark for 1680 it is an outstanding example of late seventeenth century silversmith's work.

Our next illustration, the Kinsale Corporation punch ladle, which appeared in the same rooms at the dispersal of the well-known Panter Collection of early Irish silver in 1929, is also unique in character. This historic piece of plate is inscribed "The gift of William Pearce to the Corporation of Kinsale. October ye 9th, 1717. Misr William Bullin sovrn. This cup was altered when divt Theops Cramer was sovr. 1762."

It was made by William Wall, Kinsale, early in the eighteenth century, and was sold with the remainder of the Kinsale Corporation plate in May, 1861. It is interesting to recall that this ladle, which in 1929 realized £3 10s. then made £3 10s. at 6s. 8d. an ounce, and that the Corporation bowl and mace went for 6s. 3d. and 5s. 1d. an ounce respectively.

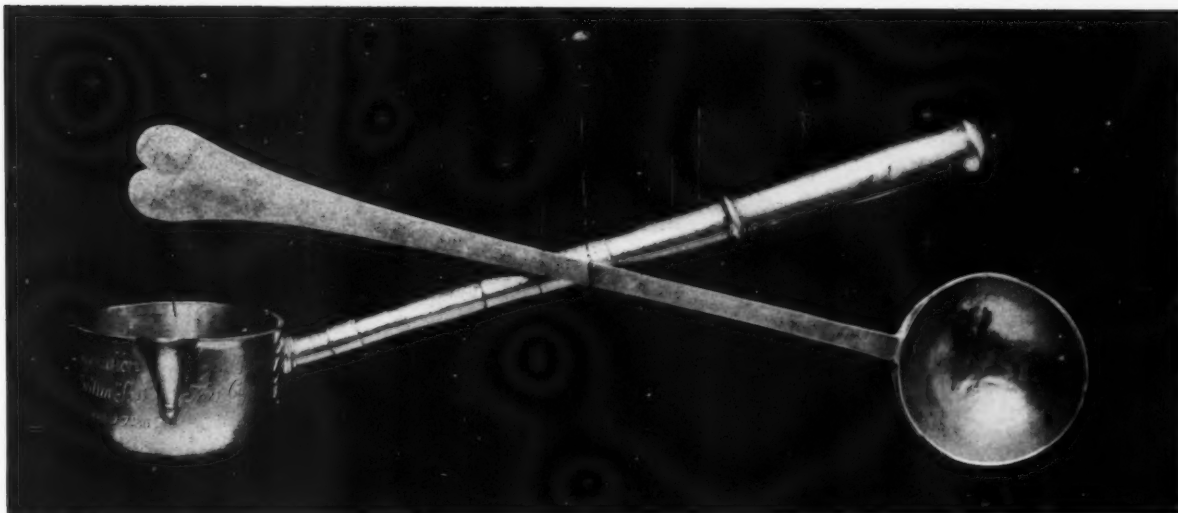
They all passed into different hands, the bowl being now on loan in the National Museum, Dublin.

On the same plate is included a Charles II ladle from the same collection, the work of Edward Swan, Dublin, 1679. Irish spoons of the seventeenth century are of great rarity, and at the time of its sale it was claimed to be the only ladle known to exist.

The silver-gilt mace, illustration No. IV, is another example of Corporation plate passing into alien hands. It was sold when the Boston Corporation disposed of all its plate by auction in 1832.



Fig. I. CHARLES II WAX JACK OR STAND FOR HOLDING A LARGE TAPER ROLL FOR SEALING. London hall-mark 1680



Figs. II and III. THE KINSALE LADLE AND A CHARLES II LADLE

Made in the form of an oar chased with the arms of Boston, and the date 1725, it has on the reverse the Royal Arms, Tudor Rose, the cypher ER, and a sailing ship and anchor. It is the work of that eminent eighteenth century silver-smith Benjamin Pyne.

The oar is also engraved with the inscription: "This Oar, a Badge of Authority used by the Ancient Corporation of Boston, was sold by the modern Town Council in 1832, and purchased by Francis Thirkill, Esqre., an Alderman of that Boro', by whose widow it was presented to the Earl Brownlow in 1840."

John, second Baron Brownlow, to whom the mace was presented, was born June, 1779, and created Viscount Alford and Earl Brownlow in

November, 1815. At the sale of the collection of silver of the present Earl in 1929, it realized £1,800.

It may be recalled that in 1906 the Boston Elizabethan Tazze, 1582, were sold for £2,900, and are now in New York.

The two-handled mug, illustration No. V, is also of considerable interest owing to its rare form, while in addition it bears on one side the arms of Queen's College, Oxford, and the inscription Oxon. Coll. Reg. 1690.

This type of vessel with the handles formed as rings is an extremely rare type. In the archives of Brasenose College, Oxford, it is described as "Potts with Ears," which are to be found in considerable numbers in the colleges of Oxford.

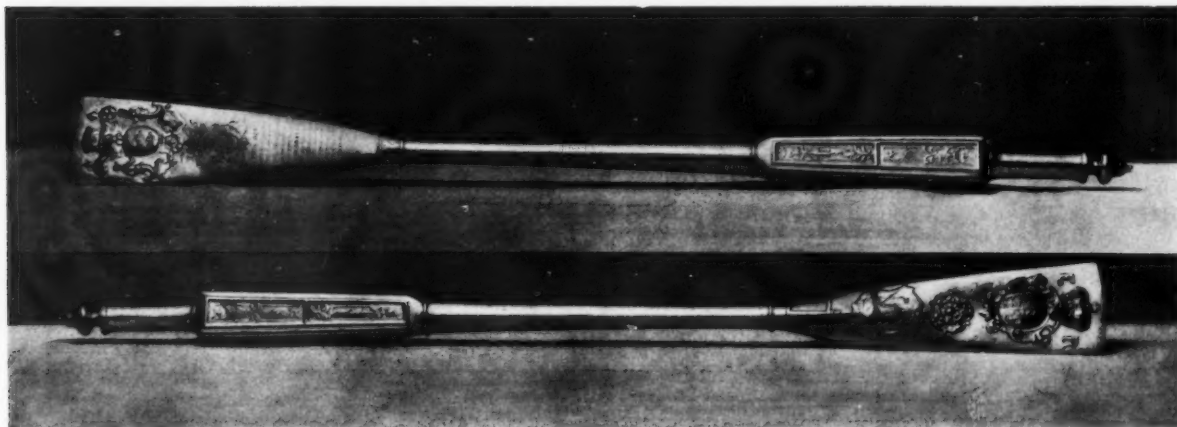


Fig. IV. THE BOSTON MACE. SILVER-GILT MACE IN THE FORM OF AN OAR CHASED WITH ARMS OF BOSTON, 1725



Fig. V. POT WITH EARS



Fig. VI. CHARLES II POSSET POT

Examples are also in the possession of one or two of the Livery Companies of the City of London, an unusually large example dated 1616 belonging to the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

Of considerable interest, too, owing to its uncommon form, is the Charles II posset pot and cover, illustration No. VI. When sold by auction it was catalogued as a tankard, but this description was later revised. The pot itself, of short cylindrical barrel form, has a cover formed as a cupping bowl with flat pierced handle, while on the lip is an applied shield engraved with a coat of arms. It bears the hall-mark for 1665, and maker's mark FL, with a waterfowl below in a heart.

The firedog, illustration No. XII, though by no means unique, is included because of its remarkably ornate and historic character. It is one of a pair each of which bear the cypher of Charles II, and when sold at Sotheby's in 1929 realized £960.

In form this pair of firedogs or andirons bear a remarkable similarity to a pair at Knole. These ornate firedogs were very prevalent in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, both the one illustrated and those at Knole dating about 1670.

The éscallop shell, illustration No. VII, calls for little notice, except for its early date, most of those to be met with belonging to the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century. The

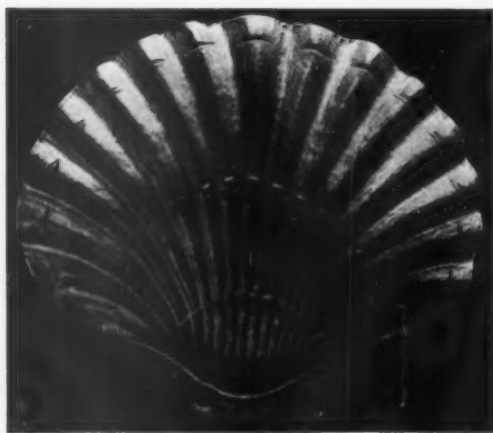


Fig. VII. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ESCALLOP SHELL



Fig. VIII.
A QUEEN ANNE BLEEDING BOWL

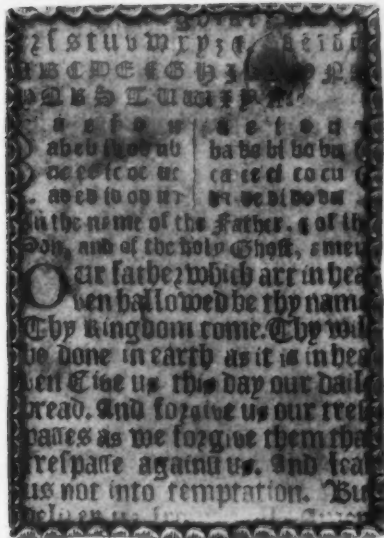


Fig. IX. SILVER HORNBOOK (FRONT)



Fig. X. SILVER HORNBOOK (BACK)

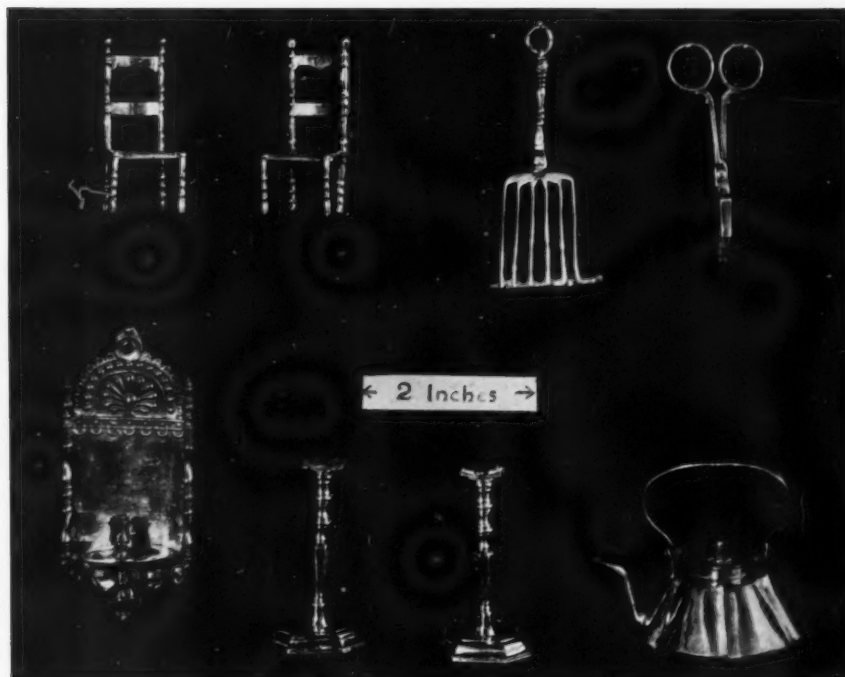


Fig. XI. CHILDREN'S TOYS IN SILVER

Victoria and Albert Museum



Fig. XII. A CHARLES II FIREDOG



Fig. XIII. EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY CHEESE DISH

bleeding or cupping bowl (Fig. VIII) is a type of vessel which fell into desuetude in the early part of the eighteenth century, though made throughout Queen Anne's reign.

Those early aids to juvenile education, horn-books, are to be found in all kinds of material, even, according to Prior, of ginger bread.

"To Master John the English maid
A horn book gives of gingerbread;
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter."

The one of which two views are given in illustrations Nos. IX and X is of silver, measuring $3\frac{1}{8}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{4}$ in., and is perhaps the most interesting example that has ever appeared on the market. When sold at Sotheby's rooms it realized the considerable figure of £490. As will be seen, it bears the date 1682, the back being decorated with a simple drawing of a bird. Only five silver hornbooks are described in A. W. Tuer's *History of the Hornbook*, 1897, and none of these is dated. The present example is very similar to that belonging to Sir George Croxton Shiffner, described and illustrated in Tuer, p. 102.

Children's toys such as those shown in illustration No. XI were made both here and on the Continent, especially in Holland, from about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Of the pieces illustrated the tiny pair of snuffers are English late seventeenth century, the wall-sconce is Dutch of the same period, as also are the two tiny chairs.

The remaining pieces are eighteenth century Dutch work—the kettle emanating from Haarlem and the candlesticks and grid iron from Amsterdam.

Unfortunately for the collector, the growing popularity of these tiny pieces has caused many reproductions of both English and foreign origin to appear on the market.

Our last illustration is an amusing effort of an early nineteenth century silversmith. It bears the London hall-mark for 1804, and is chiefly remarkable for the almost Oriental cleverness displayed in the modelling of the mice at each corner of the dish.



THE FARM ON THE HILL

Drypoint by Anton Lock

ETCHINGS, DRYPOINTS AND WOODCUTS BY ANTON LOCK

BY H. GRANVILLE FELL



THE CREST OF THE HILL

Drypoint by Anton Lock

SINCE we introduced the work of Anton Lock to readers of *Apollo* twelve months ago, and drew attention to his impressive first exhibition of paintings, etchings and woodcuts at the Leger Galleries shown under the title "Horses"—the subject of horses being always his chief concern—the artist has extended his sphere of operations, especially in the practice of etching and drypoint, so considerably that he is enabled to show some thirty-five new plates at the same locale, besides a few new paintings and a series of drawings and woodcuts not yet seen by the public. Nor do these new etchings represent his total output in this medium. They are a selection from near half a hundred, all of which have been begun and completed during the past year. Only his unwearying enthusiasm has made this feat possible.

His time is sadly circumscribed on account of the urgency of providing for material needs and fulfilling his duties in other directions. But Lock possesses energy of an uncanny sort, and the indomitable spirit of a master adventurer. He is still a student, and will probably remain one all his life; his nature that of a curious investigator, with a questing mind that will not allow him to rest on his laurels, however well earned, though the position he already holds could not have been attained without intense devotion and tireless labour.

Practically all of the works seen on the walls of the modern room at the Leger Galleries, and a large number which he has for the present withheld, have been executed at night in his spare hours. Long and lonely vigils have been spent in research and experiment, in study of the ways and means of the elder masters, of whose prints he is an avid collector. Nights when the world is either carousing or virtuously asleep have been devoted to trial and test. A light in his den indicates that Anton Lock is poring like an alchemist over his black arts and

invoking the influences of the stars to stay the progress of the night.

There are always difficulties and stumbling blocks in the path of the etcher. Intractable acids, unsympathetic inks, and unyielding paper—these occur with a frequency and a perversity all their own, and behave in a seemingly unaccountable manner. Only etchers know this. Their opposition has to be overcome, and certain it is that Lock would willingly forgo his night's sleep and endure the most rigorous discomfort and even hardship than fail in his duty to see one of his copper nurslings through. Fortunately, he knows pretty definitely of what he is in pursuit. His clear vision and natural quickness of grasp in technical matters stand him in good stead and are to be relied upon. He knows that running away from a problem will never solve it, and that it is only by facing it fairly that knowledge and mastery can be attained. Hence he seeks difficulties for the sheer pleasure of overcoming them. He will deliberately set himself a task that on the face of it seems a wilful invitation of failure. I have seen him defiantly attack an accepted theory or an approved procedure and settle the matter out of hand by practical demonstration to the contrary. There is much to be commended in this attitude of opposition; it is a spiritual knight errant in his make-up which is rarely carried on in the artist beyond the years of his first youthful successes. Lock can be contentious to the point of exasperation, yet his enthusiasm outweighs all animosity when discussing his favourite subject. Men of strong convictions, especially artists, are proverbially intolerant of opposition. After all, without convictions the great cathedrals would have remained unbuilt. Opinions are but feeble things and achieve nothing.

The many who will appreciate Lock's performance in this latest display may be interested in the human

ETCHINGS, DRYPOINTS AND WOODCUTS BY ANTON LOCK

side of his story, which begins so much like a Hans Andersen tale. The boy's father was a master tailor with a dignified pride in his craft, something like his namesake Alton Lock in temperament, and a masterful manner of dealing with his client's idiosyncrasies. With chalk and ruler in hand, standing by his great window, he would make his diagrams in a confident assured manner, sweeping in overlapping straight lines or describing curves on brown paper with a skill and certainty that

After the lapse of years, the mysterious box was opened, and found to contain for the most part, books. One night, the boy, left alone, bethought himself to rummage among these books, and abstracted one of them which aroused his interest, mainly from the curious picture on the cover which looked to him something like a magician performing a magic rite. Etchers would recognize this work as Frank Short's handbook, "On the Making of Etchings," on the



HAULING UP

Woodcut by Anton Lock

deeply impressed the budding artist, and it was watching his father at work that induced his own first efforts. When he took up his great shears and contemplated his handiwork he would recall the familiar masterpiece of Moroni.

One day, at the beginning of the South African War, a visitor, to whom the elder Lock had shown some kindnesses, appeared bearing a heavy box, which he asked the tailor to take care of for him. He was, it appears, a cavalryman about to join his unit, and the talk was about horses and horsemanship, and the coming campaign. The boy listened, his imagination fired, until the horse soldier took on the guise of a hero. At the end the stranger gave up the box, with an injunction that if he should not return it was to become the property of his benefactor, and departed. Needless to say he never returned, or the story would not have worked out rightly. He became a legendary figure, this soldier with a horse who had gone to the war, and young Lock had begun to cover sheets of paper with imaginary battle scenes in which his hero on horseback took a conspicuous part, scattering his enemies like chaff before the wind.

cover of which is depicted a man smoking a copper plate with a taper.

It was this book, which describes each stage and illustrates every detail of the etcher's craft, that kindled the boy's desire to do likewise. He read and read, and though not entirely understanding, learned every word in the book by heart. He hugged it to himself as a treasure, scribbling little drawings over every available space in it. Another potent factor in shaping his artistic preferences was the finding of two books with engravings after the Elgin Marbles. The famous frieze of horsemen he copied again and again. One can perceive an echo of this far-back influence in his drypoint of 1918, the "Combat with an Amazon," here reproduced. It was in this frieze that he first became aware of the rhythmic action of the horse as applied in art, and also of the science of composition; here began his discernment of line and its implications, and over it he used to pore and unravel it at his leisure. Another early debt he acknowledges with gratitude is to Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing and Perspective," a book of wisdom and sound principles not to be discarded lightly.

ETCHINGS, DRYPOINTS AND WOODCUTS BY ANTON LOCK

Near Lock's home by the riverside at Westminster were the Portland Cement Works, and from his father's window he would watch the great horses at their toil, making sketches of them hauling and straining at the collars, or at rest with their nosebags on. The large simplicity of their forms and comparative slowness of their movements enabled him to draw with ever-increasing steadiness and confidence during his most impressionable years, and to store up an exceedingly receptive memory.

for guidance and inspiration. We can trace the descent from the Hollanders in the undulations of many of Anton Lock's panoramic landscape settings despite their Sussex origin.

Largeness of line with fullness of content would seem to be the goal at which he is aiming, and within these broad limits there is space for infinite variation. At the moment Lock is insistent upon the differences between the etching and the drypoint methods, at pains to keep



THE STABLE YARD

Woodcut by Anton Lock

He loved to be allowed to enter the yard and make friends with these engaging beasts at close quarters. The natural boy feels a sense of pride and of dignity in the close proximity of a horse, and to Lock here was an opportunity for study, rarely vouchsafed.

With pride Lock tells how his first etching was made—a horse's head on the smooth face of a worn penny; his etching ground a coating of his father's beeswax, a tailor's needle, and a cheap acid used for engraving names on dog collars bought at the nearest druggist's. Others followed. He became a treasurer of worn pennies. His subjects were invariably horses' heads—or pirates—and were printed on an old letterpress. A brave day it was when his first proofs saw the light!

For Anton Lock the authoritative masters of line—those to whom he continually refers for guidance in his practice—whether etching or engraving, as the case may be, are Rembrandt and Dürer. From the one he draws suppleness and expressive power, and from the other disciplined control of line. Of late he has developed an immense admiration for Hercules Seghers, that epic landscapist, "Master of Rembrandt and pupil of Coninxloo," to whom the greatest of all etchers looked

the distinction clear between the bitten line and the line which is most truly described as "scratched." It may be that if the mood and his subject dictate it that he will resort to mixed methods, as Rembrandt himself did. With a man so impulsive as Lock one never knows what he may do.

To me he appears to revel in paradox, and I expect to see him box the entire compass in the methods of etching before he has finished with it. But the prints now being shown are all in unmixed processes. These are clean bitings, or the definite cuts of the drypoint tool, each demanding a different method of holding the needle, with a resultant different calligraphy. No process can be more directly autographic than drypoint, unless it be lithography. Lock believes that every line should be a symbol, an expression of the artist's thought; and that in the act of exerting pressure or flexion upon the needle he should be mentally calculating the ultimate result in the print of the amount of burr thrown up, and of the probable or, rather, the exact spread of the ink. In the shallowness or depth of line cut by the instrument, and in which there is such freedom of action and such pleasurable sensation when encountering the resistance

of the copper, Lock finds an opportunity to express feeling and suggestion, to make his line vital and sensitive; and this is the special virtue of drypoint, in comparison



HOMEWARD

By Anton Lock



OVER THE HILL TOP

Etching by Anton Lock

with etching or engraving—the direct contact of hand and brain with the matter that is being moulded. For this reason he does not believe in removing the burr if it can be possibly avoided. The amount should and can be perfectly computed in the act of throwing it up. This is, of course, counsel of perfection, but it should be aimed at. In all works of art there is always some diminution of quality or loss of spontaneity in touching up, erasing or altering. If vitality is to be retained, there must be no afterthoughts, no tinkering with the primal act. The art in drypointing is so to arrange the lines that the tones shall take care of themselves, the strength of the burr having been so calculated as to hold the exact amount of ink essential to the effect. Think of the wealth of expression possible, the dramatic force, the delicacy, the atmosphere and the power of mystery the accomplished drypointer has at his command! The pity is that so few perfect impressions can be obtained.

In this respect we may mention that Lock is careful to cease printing from his plates the moment he sees the "bloom" going off. He never resorts to steel facing, limits the number of impressions of his drypoints to twenty-five each, or even less if signs of deterioration show themselves, and prints all his proofs and editions by his own hand. His etchings, some of which are done on zinc and some on copper, are limited to fifty or sixty prints.

* * *

In view of the illustrations which accompany this article and which may be allowed to speak for themselves, it would be hardly becoming to point out their obvious merits or to specify particular examples. The reader will observe the resourceful biting, the skill and scrupulous care with which he wipes his plates before printing: the clarity of the lines ringing true in his pure etchings without factitious tone effects; the knowledge shown in the flexile raying of his drypoints and the arrangement of the darks so as to give the maximum of power and expression.

In one or two of the etchings will be noticed long straight lines running perhaps from the horizon to the zenith, or converse, across the sky in different directions;



HIGH NOON

Etching by Anton Lock

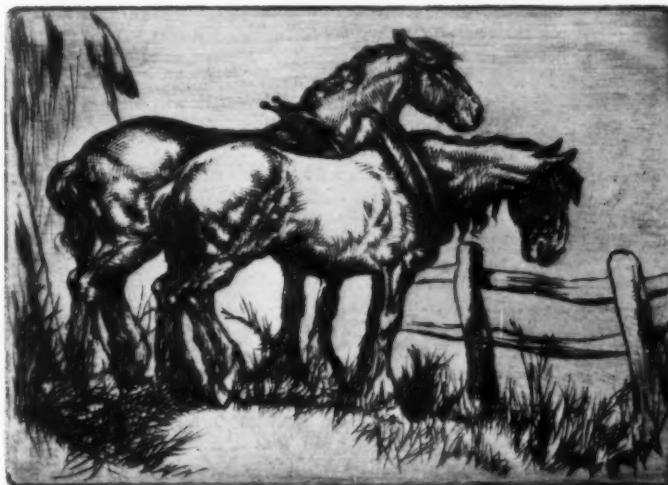


THE THREE COMPANIONS

Drypoint by Anton Lock

or again, diagonally traversing the direction of the cloud formations. These indicate the direction of wind currents, such as are often disclosed when a shaft of sunlight shoots through a gap in the clouds, torn by the swift passage of the wind. They also form an important element in the composition, supplying lines of support upon which the clouds may be built. Though these "lines of traverse" may not always be visible in nature, it is certain that they often are of value in a picture and add expression to it. Lock does not wish to obliterate them, feeling as he does that they convey the sensation of the wind, and also bind the component parts of the design together. To him they are as valuable in their place as the isobaric lines indicating atmospheric pressure in charts and maps, and as full of meaning.

An etching called "Expressive Line," done on an old zinc door plate, 7½ in. by 2½ in., illustrates one of his interesting exercises in the theory of line. Touched in with



RESTING TIME

Drypoint by Anton Lock



POWER IN THE GLOOM

Woodcut

the extreme of economy and simplicity in outline only—lines so sparingly laid that none can afford to be meaningless—in short upright strokes straight or curved, supporting or countering one another—these stand for trees set against the starkest indication of hills, a few outlined horses, a tumbling fence—all done with far less elaboration than this sentence—are suggested with a completeness that can only be paralleled in the masters of the schools of Kano or Lesshiu.

Lock's draughtsmanship and knowledge of composition have given him a remarkable facility for improvisation. A pencil in his hand becomes a living thing. When he contemplates a new subject he has no need to refer to his countless sketch books, though these are filled with the purpose of being a source of reference and supply, and he is constantly adding to them. This practice with the pencil is the finest form of memory training, enabling those who have mastered it to work with almost incredible speed. While

Lock keeps the pencil going, he does not neglect to store his mind with book lore, nor to give as much time as he can spare to the study of art history. He interests himself in every style and every school, ancient or contemporary, and we find him at one moment deeply absorbed in the abstractions of the most "advanced" modernist theory, the next harking back to Giotto, and a moment later devouring with gusto the newest American comic.

We must not pass over Lock's woodcuts without drawing attention to their character of unmistakability. Here again he is at pains to keep clear of doubtful methods, and always arranges his pattern to form a very perfect mosaic of white lines. Each line is a clean cut, untouched a second time, the variation of breadth or depth being obtained by increased pressure of the graver. In his darks or near-blacks the gradation is effected in the most direct fashion by powdering with white lozenge shapes of various sizes,

A CLASSICAL SCULPTOR IN AMERICA : JOHN GREGORY

BY KINETON PARKES

JOHN GREGORY was born in London, England, in 1879. He went to the United States when he was quite young. There he developed his taste for sculpture; sought out John Massey Rhind and became his pupil, at the same time attending night classes at the Art Students' League of New York. This association has done incalculable services to American art, and Gregory availed himself of its privileges and services from 1900 to 1903, under George Grey Barnard, the most advanced artist of the United States of that period, and Hermon A. MacNeil. In the latter year he returned to London and studied at Lambeth, always now associated with the advanced artists of the early years of this century. In 1904 he left London for Paris and joined the atelier of Mercié at the École des Beaux-Arts, remaining there until 1906, when he returned to America. He then had the advantage of working as assistant in the studios of the native American sculptors Herbert Adams, Gutzon Borglum and Hermon MacNeil, thus combining the old outlook on sculpture with the more advanced period which has developed into the American School of to-day. His student and travel days, however, were not over, for from 1912 to 1915 he was a working Fellow of the American Academy at Rome, where he reaped the benefits of a new and vigorous organization and of the culture of the old classical schools.

On returning from Italy he set to work on his own account, and in 1921 was awarded the medal for sculpture of the New York Architectural League, followed by a similar award of the Concord Art Association. His membership of the League was followed by that of the National Sculpture Society and by the honorary membership of the American Institute of Architects and the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design. He was then elected Associate of the National Academy, he having, in 1911, become a naturalized American citizen. He was for a time Director of the Beaux-Arts Institute, as also Associate in Modelling at Columbia University, New York.

Gregory is essentially a modeller for bronze, but some of his more delicate designs have been reproduced in marble and his architectural ones in stone. In designing for marble and stone he has been careful to pay all respect to these materials. He has not isolated arms and legs in space in his marbles, but has kept to compact composition so that the weights and strains of his pieces are distributed in an orderly and scientific manner. In this way he has achieved good design in space. It is not often that this essential is realized. The sculptor frequently conceives in terms of mass and not in terms of the surrounding medium displaced by his conception. The result is all sorts of curious and often unpleasant space shapes in and around the design. This question is of the first importance to the glyptic sculptor, but to the plastic it is hardly less, although to the latter is vouchsafed a much wider latitude so far as variety obtained by mobility of material is



"PHILOMELA." Bronze statue for garden of Mr. Payne Whitney.
By John Gregory, Long Island, U.S.A.

concerned. Gregory has availed himself of this in a very pleasant fashion, and in addition to the beauty of form, he has given his pieces a beauty of place.

His form is definitely classical, his subject as definitely literary. He is therefore what is sometimes described as poetical in his inspiration. There is, indeed, a sense of poetry in all his works: a lyrical sense and also a dramatic. In his lyrical mood most of his ideal works are conceived, and his psychology in this respect is concentrated in the marble statuette "Lyric Love." This has the advantage not only of fixing Gregory's conception of beautiful form, but of being a presentation in modern guise, with symptoms of emotional modernism, of the classical idea. It is one of the really original works of American sculpture; an inspiration in form with its flowing lines of drapery; the particular grace of the wing-arms; its gentle vigour of placing and pose, and its upraised face to indicate the uplift of emotion: "Oh Lyric Love, half angel and half bird."

This delicate work is a fitting successor to "Philomela," the kneeling bronze statue in the garden of Mrs. Payne Whitney, at Manhasset, Long Island. This is now widely and favourably known in America, and in England,

A CLASSICAL SCULPTOR IN AMERICA

too, for it has been extensively illustrated in both countries. It is a remarkably pleasing composition in which the subject provides the detail. Philomela's story is somewhat terrifying, but the pleasant side of it, her translation into a nightingale, is indicated in the statue by small wings from the shoulders. For the rest it is cunningly modelled, the torso in particular yielding to the pressing classical domination of the artist's talent. The beautiful head of Philomela has been reproduced in marble.

In Mrs. Payne Whitney's studio garden, Roslyn, are two classical statues in marble, "Bacchante," with a bunch of grapes pressed to her mouth, and a "Wood Nymph" playing the pipes, both nudes of simple and charming forms. An exquisite marble piece of a girl-child holding a large leaf and sitting on a base representing the head of a man symbolic of plenty, is named "Summer." This is applied as a fountain figure in the garden of Mr. S. R. Gugenheim at Port Washington.

To the list of these garden pieces must be added "Orpheus," in the grounds of Mr. C. M. Schwab, Loretto, Pennsylvania, a large work, Orpheus playing his lute and charming and taming the leopard, who is in an ecstasy. The rhythm of the emotionalized animal's body is most cleverly indicated, and the lines of the composition are graceful. For repose of line the marble relief of "Venus" is noteworthy, but it is somewhat broken by the poor shape of the inclined marble block upon which the nude figure rests. So great has been the demand for Gregory's garden sculpture, that he has had to turn to the reconstruction of the classical vase, and two fine examples in pink Georgian marble are now on the terrace of the French garden of Mr. Philip Goodwin at Woodbury, Long Island. These are decorated pictorially with two scenes from Shakespeare—"Miranda and Caliban" and "Titania and Bottom." On the estate of Mrs. Egerton Winthrop at Syosset, Long Island, is "The Toy Venus," a delightful composition of a girl's limbs, drapery and a large fish. All this not only serves to indicate the demand made upon John Gregory as a sculptor for out-of-doors, but it emphasizes the general and brisk demand there is in the United States for fine sculpture, and the provision of suitable situations for it. This is just as marked in the domain of architecture, in which Gregory has made for himself a definite place.

There are Shakespeare libraries in several parts of the world, forming departments of institutions with wider functions. It has remained for the United States to dedicate a whole building apart to Shakespeare library purposes. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Folger have generously provided this Temple on the Capitol Hill, Washington—the Folger Shakespeare Memorial Library—which surpasses anything of the kind in the world. It is an imposing modernistic building in white marble designed by Paul B. Cret and Alexander B. Trowbridge, and is embellished by sculpture, the work of John Gregory. The plastic decorations consist of a series of panels illustrating scenes from nine of the plays: "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Henry IV," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," "Julius Caesar," and "Richard III." They are definitely pictorial, and as definitely dramatic. The treatment and style are original, and the costume note

is classical; the note of character naturalistic and purely human. There is no exaggeration, either of feeling nor of action. There is no straining after period effects; the presentation is of no time, but of all time. The most engaging of the pictures and the most humanly appealing are from "Richard III," the scene between Gloucester



SUMMER. Fountain figure

By John Gregory

and the young Princes, and from "King Henry IV," between Prince Henry and Falstaff—"A plague on all cowards!" In these the types are admirably suggested and the characterization is vivid but yet restrained. The execution is controlled and each panel is well related in feeling and design. The modelled relief is not high, but it conveys a fine plastic effect of the full round. This series is undoubtedly one of the finest plastic expositions of drama, and especially of Shakespeare, ever evoked.



LYRIC LOVE

By John Gregory



THE FORESTER

By John Gregory

A CLASSICAL SCULPTOR IN AMERICA

It not only conveys the poetic idea, but adds to it that of the sculptor himself. This work was completed in 1932, the latest of the artist's productions.

Another panel, in Caenstone, is erected in the Corcoran Art Gallery as a memorial to William Corcoran Eustis, a grandson of the founder of this celebrated institution at Washington. The bas-relief represents the lament of



GLOUCESTER AND THE YOUNG PRINCES
Shakespeare's King Richard III

Ector at the bier of Lancelot. The inscription in the background, taken from the last chapter of "La Morte d'Arthur," was suggested by the late Thomas Nelson Page, and the subject is treated in mediæval fashion, but with classic restraint, and the repose of the design is admirable.

In contrast with most of the sculptor's work is the striking figure of "The Forester," treated realistically on the Forestry Building at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, which raises the hope that he will do more in this class. The only other realistic piece of importance up to now is the model of "The Pioneer Woman," a symbolic tragic group, which was entered in the competition for a monument to be erected on the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma by Mr. E. W. Marland, and shown at the Reinhardt Galleries, New York, in 1927.

* * *

Gregory was held very strictly to neo-classicism in the mausoleum of Mr. Henry Huntington, San Marino, California, the architect for which was John Russell Pope. The six decorative figure bas-reliefs of this work might have been done by Flaxman, and form the most important contribution to this class of sculpture of the present period in America. There is much classic

grace in the numerous figures, and despite the restrictions the sculptor has managed to impart certain naturalistic features which are very welcome in a work of this kind done at the present time. The four principal panels represent the Seasons.

Gregory has been for long employed on a series of architectural commissions. The most unusual, and in some ways the most important, is that of the figures for the pediment of the east pavilion of the Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts. There are a dozen of these, modelled in terra-cotta, and coloured after the fashion of Greece, the polychrome being the work of Leon V. Solon. The designs are large and more or less to type, Egypt, India and Babylon being represented by symbolic figures. There are also figures of Adonis, Solomon, The Rose of Sharon—a very graceful one—Schariah and Scheherazade. In making these Gregory maintained that the faces should be modelled like masks and for facial expression should depend on colour. This being so it was all-important that the planes should be as near vertical as could be, so as to eliminate as far as possible any discounting of effect by the casting of shadows. This pediment is full of interest and novelty, for such experiments in architectural decoration have not been made for hundreds of years in Western art on any considerable scale. It is good to be able to realize that so far it appears to be successful. There is no other modern building which has been treated in the same way, and no other modern sculpture of any extent which has been allied with polychromy.

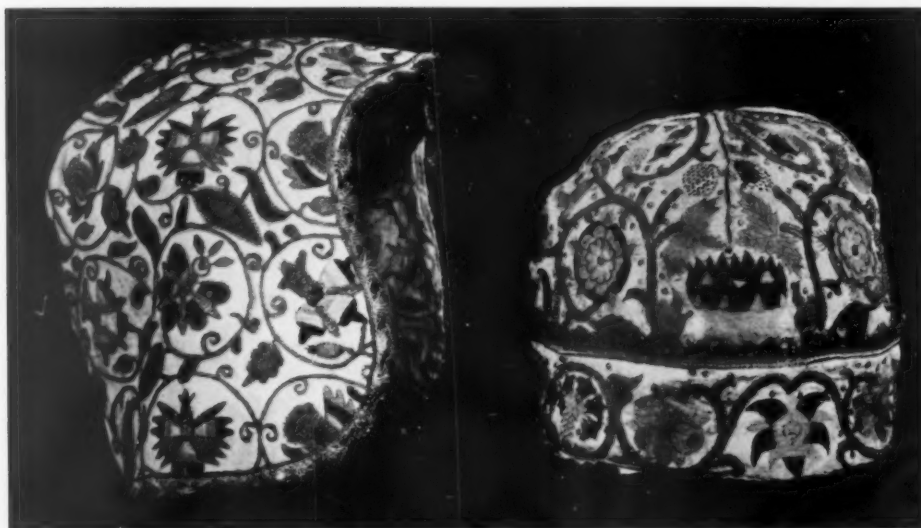
In architectural work, in garden statuary, and in ideal conceptions, John Gregory is equally sound, and his memorials are dignified compositions. He has not pretended to any advanced outlook in art, but has been content to work to tradition; in all he has been remarkably consistent and successful.



AUTUMN

By John Gregory

AN ELIZABETHAN EXHIBITION



MAN'S CAP AND WOMAN'S CAP EMBROIDERED IN SILK

Lent by the Borough Council of Bury St. Edmunds and Sir Frederick Richmond respectively

THE exhibition illustrating the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which opened at 22, Grosvenor Place, on January 26th, should have a wide and popular appeal. Through the generosity of H.M. the King, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Lord Salisoury, Lord Warwick and many others, its able organiser, Miss Elmira Wade, has got together a remarkable collection of pictures, miniatures, tapestry, silver, glass, manuscripts, books and relics all relating to one of the most interesting periods in English history. Many of the objects, too, have an added attraction owing to the fact that they have never been on exhibition before.

The names of many of the painters working during Elizabeth's reign have not come down to us, but there are, nevertheless, included in the exhibition outstanding examples of the work of such men as Lucas de Heere, Hans Holbein, Frederic Zuccherro, Marc Gheeraerds, and the miniaturists, Isaac Oliver and Nicholas Hilliard, while many of the other pictures, though their painters are unknown, appeal either as portraits or faithful representations of the costumes of the period.

According to Walpole, Elizabeth had little taste for painting, but she loved pictures of herself. "In them," he tells us, "she could appear really handsome, and yet, to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependants; there is not a single portrait of her that can be called beautiful."

Perhaps this is the reason that she ordered all pictures of herself, done by unskilful artists, to be collected and burned, and issued a proclamation in 1563 forbidding all persons, save "especial cunning painters, to draw her likeness."

Of the several portraits of the Virgin Queen perhaps the most interesting is that lent by the King from Hampton Court. It is by Hans Eworth, and shows the Queen with Juno, Venus and Minerva thunderstruck at the sight of her, while in the background is a view of Windsor Castle. On a stone to the right is the date 1569, and the artist's signature.

On the frame, which is evidently the original one, is the inscription:

"Juno potens sceptris et mentis acumine Pallas;
Et roscos Veneris fulget in ore decus;
Adfuit Elizabeth, Juno perculsa refugit;
Obstupuit Pallas erubuitque Venus."

This picture, part of Charles I's collection, was doubtless painted about October or November, 1569, by order of the Queen herself, to whom it is as flattering in the allegory as it is in the likeness. Elizabeth was then thirty-six and had been on the throne twelve years.

The King also lends another portrait of the Queen done late in her reign by an unidentified artist and portraits of Henry IV of France by Pourbus, of Philip II of Spain by an artist of the school of Antonio Mor, and a portrait of Sir John Parker, the Captain of Pendennis Castle, by Custodius.

The portrait of Henry IV is signed in the upper right-hand corner "F. P. Faciebat, 1610" and must have been painted just before May 14th in that year, on which day he was assassinated by Ravaillac.

No fewer than nine paintings, together with relics of Sir Philip Sidney, have been sent from Penshurst by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. They include Zuccherro's



MARY' COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE WITH THE
ARCHLUTE
Lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley



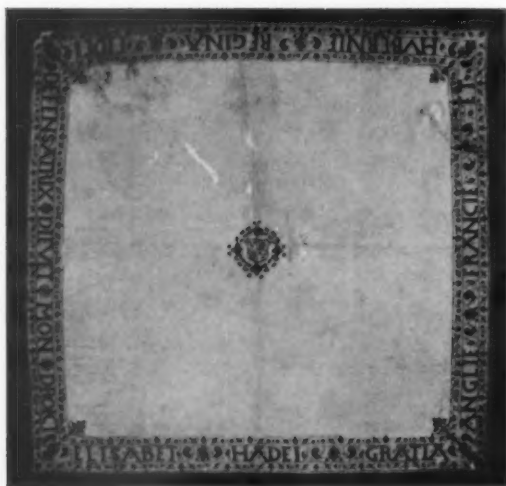
QUEEN ELIZABETH
By Marc Gheeraerds
Lent by the Duke of Portland



LORD BURLEIGH
Lent by Sir William Burrell



SIR CHARLES SOMERSET
Lent by the Duke of Beaufort



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHALICE VEIL

Lent by Sir William Burrell

portrait of Sir Philip and one of his wife by an unknown artist, a portrait of Sir William Sidney by Eworth, and others of Leicester, Lady Mary Sidney, and two of Queen Elizabeth, in one of which she is shown dancing.

The portrait of Sir Philip Sidney shows the soldier-poet at the age of twenty-two, some seven years before his marriage to Frances, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham.

Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, whose portrait by Van Somer is in the exhibition, is also seen with his brother Philip, in a brilliant painting by an unknown artist, while another member of the same family, Sir William Sidney, is shown from the brush of Holbein. This last picture is inscribed "Sr W^m Sydney. Aetatis Suæ 36 Holben 1523."

Most interesting of all, however, of the Penshurst portraits is undoubtedly that by Marc Gheeraerds, of Sir Philip Sidney's beloved sister, Mary Countess of Pembroke, to whom he dedicated his "Arcadia."

It was on her death that Ben Jonson wrote the well-known lines, unfortunately not on her tomb in Salisbury Cathedral:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall cast a dart at thee."

From Penshurst, too, comes the helmet carried at Sidney's funeral, the Dudley sword, and Sidney's marriage contract and shaving mirror.

On the helmet is seen the Sidney crest, which is of carved wood, and represents the porcupine with bone quills.

The sword formerly belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, bears the Earl's badge, the bear and the ragged staff on various portions of the hilt, while the quillons of chased steel are fashioned like ragged staves and terminate in bears with ragged staves.

Other pictures include a portrait of the Earl of Essex, lent by the present Earl; one of Lord Burleigh and his son Robert Cecil by Marc Gheeraerds from Hatfield, and one of Sir Nicholas Bacon by an anonymous artist, lent by Corpus Christus College, Cambridge. It should be recalled that there are several existing portraits of Sir Nicholas, one being at Hampton Court and another in the National Portrait Gallery.

From the Northampton Museum comes a fine portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor, for which county he was member in 1572, while from Oxford University comes a portrait of Dr. John Bull, to whom the tune of the National Anthem is ascribed.

Finally mention must be made of the well-known "Rainbow Portrait" of Queen Elizabeth, from Hatfield, the work of Zuccherro, in which her dress is scattered over with representations of ears and eyes, inscribed "Non sine sole iris."

Among the many interesting relics, one of the most notable is Sir Francis Drake's astrolabe, made by him prior to his first expedition to the West Indies, and presented by William IV to Greenwich Hospital.

Actual relics of Queen Elizabeth include her water bottle, shoes and her chalice veil, while amongst the many fine examples of tapestry and needlework is the actual tapestry made for Leicester for use at Kenilworth on the occasion of the Queen's visit.

In the tapestry section, too, are the Sheldon tapestries from Sleaford Church, Lincolnshire; a remarkable bedspread from Hatfield, and three delightful embroidered caps, lent by the Borough of Bury St. Edmunds.



WALNUT BUFFET. *Lent by Lieut.-Col. Sir Edward Barry*



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

Fresco by Fra Angelico



An interesting exhibit which took some time to set up is a painted bedstead lent by Mrs. Calley, while notable, too, is a fine painted Southwark chest given to Southwark Cathedral in 1588. There is, too, a unique Elizabethan chair lent by the Society of Antiquaries, and a smaller chair of delightful form, the property of Mr. Ernest Boulter.

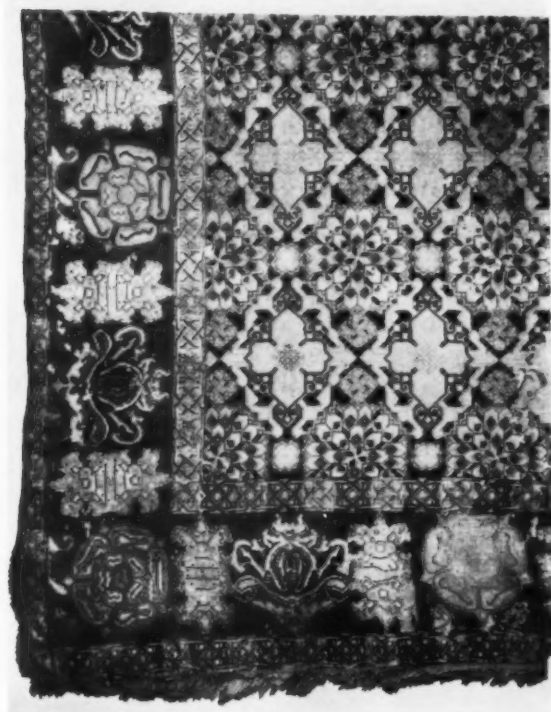
An historic item lent by the Duke of Portland is the cameo portrait jewel which Mary Queen of Scots gave to the Duke of Norfolk, while there is also the skull watch of the ill-fated queen, and a cylindrical watch of Elizabeth.

Perhaps the finest of all suits of English armour of this period is the Greenwich suit lent by the Honourable Artillery Company.

A word, too, must be said regarding the books and documents, of which there are a large number.

A number of interesting Herbals have been contributed by Colonel Messel; first editions have been lent by such collectors as Sir Leicester Harmsworth, Lord Aldenham, Lord Mersey and Sir John Murray, and include "Midsummer Night's Dream," Sir Philip Sidney's "Apology for Poetry," Roger Ascham's "Scholemaster," the edition of Livy from which Ascham taught Queen Elizabeth, and other first editions of Spenser, Lyly, Peele, Dekker, Gascoigne and Holinshed.

First editions of Elizabethan plays are being lent by Worcester College, and from various sources come autograph letters and documents of Elizabeth, Charles IX, Catherine de Medici, Henry III, Mary Queen of Scots,



PORTION OF A NEEDLEWORK BEDSPREAD OR TABLE COVER
Lent by the Marquess of Salisbury



SILVER-GILT CRYSTAL AND ENAMEL CUP AND COVER OF HOLBEIN DESIGN
Lent by the Earl of Jersey

Leicester, Burghley, Nicholas Bacon and Sir Richard Grenville.

Prior to the official opening of the exhibition on January 26th the British Broadcasting Corporation included an innovation in their television programme on the 23rd.

Lord David Cecil, who opened the exhibition in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association, appeared and introduced selected articles from the many—over 600—generously lent by Royal and other owners.

The exhibits displayed included the pipe which tradition claims belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh; two pieces of Elizabethan armour, an Elizabethan clock, a viola da gamba and a leaden mask of Queen Elizabeth.

MATEO INURRIA

BY S. F. A. COLES

INURRIA'S triumph is that he, alone of modern Spanish artists, has achieved the harmonious marriage of the flesh and the spirit. There is no conflict to be observed in any of his creations, unless it be the immemorial, age-long conflict imposed upon humanity by an inscrutable Nature. And even that insentient power obeys the geniality of his chisel in the intimate and sensuous purity, the captivating loveliness, of such pieces as the torso, "Forma," or the "Flor de Granada" in the Casino de Madrid. Inurria dealt in eternal values. In his eyes there was no division between body and spirit: all was holy. And it is the greatest tribute that can be paid to his inspiration to say that the juxtaposition of one of the most delicate of his nudes with the noble "Flagellation" presents to the mind of the spectator only the realisation of harmony and fitness.

Mateo Inurria, who himself looked like an heroic figure from a Michelangelo group, discovered—who can say whether by concentration or intuition?—the sculptor's supreme secret:



THE SEA ROVER (Bronze)



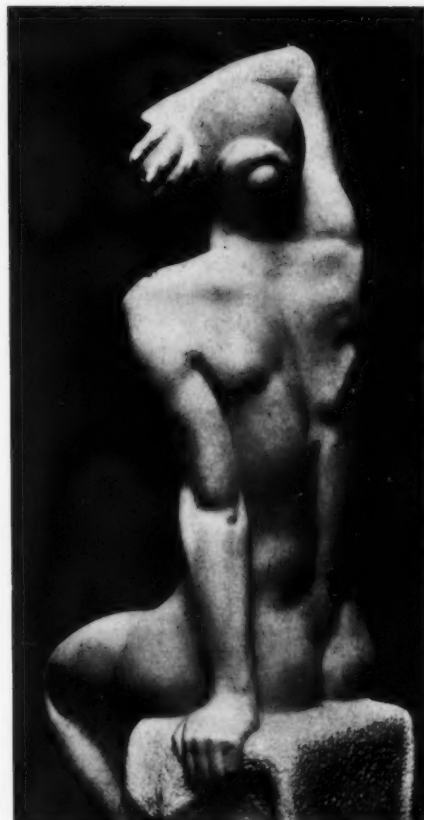
"FLAGELATION"

By Mateo Inurria

to work from the inside of the stone. It is difficult to imagine any of his beautiful figures as ever having formed part of solid stone or marble: each are so vividly alive, so facile and responsive, like friends one has encountered for the first time. He saw the living statue in the marble, and knew that he had simply to take it from its cold, white casket. He breathed into his creations the spirit of immortal youth, and one sees beyond the beauty of the body to the beauty of the soul.



TORSO
By Mateo Inurria
Awarded the Gold Medal of Honour at the Spanish
National Exhibition



"AWAKENING"
By Mateo Inurria
Figure from Group of Three Ages of Girlhood
in the Casino of Madrid

Inurria gained his first success with a bust of Seneca, a native, like himself, of Cordoba, which he produced during the early years of study in that city. Three years later he gained the prize for sculpture at the National Exposition in Madrid with a powerful sea group, "La Marina," which forms part of the Alfonso XII memorial in the Retiro Park. Stimulated by this recognition he then retired from public notice for twelve years, during which period he devoted himself to work and study of the masters. He then emerged with works illumined by a new strength and vitality which proved him to be an artist in possession of an immense power for achieving beauty in stone, and as a complete master of his medium.

Thereafter he settled in Madrid to a long period of tranquil activity until his death at the age of fifty-six at his home in Chamartin de la

Rosa, on the outskirts of the capital. Besides a series of magnificent portrait-busts which belong to this period, such as the "Vieja Segoviana," the "Largatijo" (a head of the famous Cordovese toreador Rafael Molina) and the "Gitana," which is symbolic of the whole gipsy race, and the "Lobo del Mar," or Sea Pirate, Inurria also concentrated on religious groups and figures. The groups which belong to the period of the "Flagellation" emphasize more, perhaps, than does the work of any other Spanish artist, even of Velasquez or Alonso Cano, the humanity equally with divinity of his subject.

Inurria was the fortunate possessor of the genial Andalusian temperament that reflects in its surfaces and in its depths the enchantments of that region of light and colour. And he discovered in his work this rich essence of beauty and suavity.

PAUL TCHELITCHEW

BY WALDEMAR GEORGE

Editorial note: An exhibition of the works of this artist is being held at Messrs. Arthur Tooth's Galleries from Feb. 23rd to March 18th



"AU SPECTACLE"

(Photo Thibaud)

By Paul Tchelitchev

PAUL TCHELITCHEW exhibited for the first time in 1926 at the Galerie Druet. Contemporary art was fluctuating between machinism—that is to say, mechanical rhythm—and that alloy of the mystic and the bestial expressionism.

Between rational art (which limits man's initiative) and instinctive art—between the cold calculations of a mathematician and the delirium of a madman who has lost control of all his faculties and paints his nightmares—the individual capable of thought and action, the individual endowed with free will, is bound to disappear.

Were it not for lack of space I might speak likewise of neo-archaism—of the return to the childishness of the motionless idol, of the return to simple ignorance. For the moment I will refrain from painting a picture of contemporary art at once so grotesque and so dramatic. But let me state that since the Dark Ages Europe has not gone back upon herself in such vast proportions.

The crisis in the art of the twentieth century must appear henceforth as a crisis in the history of culture and a crisis in the history of man.

Tchelitchev has not been duped by the phantasmagorias, the charades, the puppet-shows and the caricatures which make up the repertory of the artists of to-day. His search is for the eternal values. There is no

didacticism in his work. He does not hold up new doctrines against those of his contemporaries; rather does he despise discussions of theory. His sphere is action. And in his work he is creating a cadence, a melody of the spirit and a vision of the world.

Man is the objective of the art of Paul Tchelitchev. For him the human form is a first principle. His interest is in living beings. Therein lies the difference between this young humanist and those who have gone before him. It is the interest that he feels in human beings, the emotion aroused in him by faces and bodies, and his skill in physiognomy that have contributed to the formation of his style.

Paul Tchelitchev's work springs from curiosity and the desire for artistic expression. Understanding of mankind is the principal object of his study and experience. Nevertheless, this understanding is not the quality of a scholar. It is the quality of a dramatic poet. Paul Tchelitchev has overlooked nothing. Excellent perspectivist, he prides himself on portraying foreshortened forms with a skill worthy of the masters of the Seicento. Sound anatomist, he can draw from memory the human body in all its variety of position. But his ability is not an end in itself. The artist employs it for other objects than that of mere draughtsmanship. Its acquisition

alone does not satisfy him. And yet he is the only "modern" artist who possesses it fundamentally and uses it freely.

Does this mean that the study of perspective and anatomy has formed in the artist a definite talent? No. The talent was already there. It was the talent that led him to perfect his studies. It was that which guided his art towards the anthropomorphic.

A dramatic poet! This dramatist, whose plastic invention knows no bounds, yet appears as a student of metrics or geometry. He is in search of a canon, an absolute. And he is in search also of harmony between still life and living beings. His investigations may take an abstract form. But instead of submitting, as Picasso, Braque or Juan Gris have submitted, to the attraction of geometry, Tchelitchev's aim is to extract from it living forms, signs and images.

Mere toys, or calculations of probability?

I have said that the reform brought about by Tchelitchev was not an æsthetic reform. He has reached classicism purely by his interest in humanity. His art is not only a problem of form and of style. It is a moral problem. The artist sees the world around him with new eyes. He believes in its reality. It inspires in him respect and love. And he gives life and action to the men who people it, and who had been treated by contemporary art as though they were puppets without souls, dignity or individual lives.

It is from this new understanding of humanity that Tchelitchev draws his inspiration. He provides the



"OPHELIA"

(Photo Allié)

By Paul Tchelitchev



CIRCUS GROUP

(Photo Allié)

By Paul Tchelitchev

characters for a drama in which he himself is deeply involved. The accepted interpreter of the strange farces and pantomimes of twentieth-century painters had hitherto been, as it were, Guignol. But the dramas of Paul Tchelitchev are enacted by players of flesh and blood.

Before concluding, let me describe some of the "situations" created by an artist who is capable not only of controlling the movements of the articulate bodies of his protagonists within the space of his picture, but also of moving his audience with action in dialogue.

Here are some of the settings, made up as they are of many details. The portrait of the musician Markievitch is a head that dominates an arrangement of classical drapery, crimson velvet drawn across a seat. The body of the man is represented by a wicker lay-figure. The feet are borrowed from a plaster statue.

There is *the man and his shadow*. A body in duplicate. The shadow forms a nimbus around the body.

These excursions into an art that borders on phantasmagoria are exceptional among the works of Paul Tchelitchev. In general the artist expresses himself wholly without recourse to symbolism, which is in truth a sign of plastic weakness.

There again are wrestlers comparable to the gladiators of the Thermes of Caracalla, their torsos firm-muscled and the appearance simian.

Here are Spahis wrapped in their *burnous*. Were it not for their fans, their mannerisms and their doubtful air,



SALTIMBANQUES

(Photo Allié)

By Paul Tchelitchev

these bare-footed soldiers would remind one of the monks of the desert. Their gesture recalls a death dance. Their gaunt bodies have something of the air of spectres. Such phantoms represent the contemplative life.

Here are acrobats, injured and outstretched on the ground. Does not their inert flesh bear the stamp of muscular tension above their true strength? Such figures are a mingling of men and rearing horses.

Tchelitchev humanizes animals and makes them speak. The gesturing of those circus horses is not merely a gymnastic exercise. It is an expressive language, a visual dialect, understood and translated by the painter himself.

And here are portraits of men, women and young girls. These speaking images bear witness to an inward vision, the more penetrating because it makes a clean sweep of all that the vulgar would consider to be physical resemblance.

Paul Tchelitchev has progressed past the stage in which a portrait is, at one and the same time, an identification picture and a literal translation of the model.

Let us take, for example, the many variations on the head of a woman, alternately cloaked in a fluid half-shadow, bathed in astral light, or crowned with flowers.

Before this delicate painting of Ophelia or Portia, might one not be forgiven for suggesting the phrase that Fabrice uses of Clélia in Stendhal's masterpiece, the "Chartreuse de Parme": *Quelle pensée profonde sous ce front. Elle saurait aimer!*

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE COMEDY, by FRANCIS BICKLEY.
(Constable.) 10s., illustrated.

When I was twenty years of age I knew well many of the famous pictures painted by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and knew some things about the men who painted them; but when I wished to learn more about Rossetti or Hunt or Millais or any of the group I would ask someone, or get a book; and both were more keen to prejudice me against one "Brother," or the whole group, than to satisfy me with the correct information that I wanted.

And you? Were you ever given to understand, for example, that Rossetti had once been a young man, and looked rather like Shelley? Did you not suppose him always to have looked like an anarchist—big, round forehead, curly black hair, black eyes with dark rims—and going about with a frown, silently but for a growl or two—forever forty-eight to fifty years old?

How queer it is that when we try to picture any celebrated man we are nearly always obliged to make a dummy of him, instead of a human being with at least as many attributes and as much life as ourselves! We ourselves change every year or two; why, then, do we forget that the celebrated dead did the same? And in writing about them, why do biographers create these dummies for us, when we would call the real men once more to life?

"Tell me—what was Rossetti like?" we would ask some cousin of one of the Pre-Raphaelites; and he would answer us: "A dark, heavy sort of man—queer eyes—always taking drugs—a quarrelsome fellow—in love with Morris's wife—lived in Chelsea—never had any money—always borrowing. . . ." And however long we let him go on, he'd tell us no more than this . . . that Rossetti was always one thing—never fifty.

So in those days one gave up trying to get a glimpse of the real Rossetti, Hunt or Millais . . . the Pre-Raphaelites faded away, all of them—featureless, lifeless; the dummies wandered out of my ken.

And now a book about them, by Mr. Francis Bickley, has reached me—a very interesting book, a steady and well-written book, telling of each member of the Brotherhood—praising each in turn, allowing place for all—no crushing. And the tale is so well told—no haste, no drag: each page interested me—each figure.

It is only in the last chapter that you realize exactly how it became a comedy, this Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and as it is essential to the book that you should not discover this too soon I will not blow the gaff. For, if baldly stated, most things about these painters and poets become meaningless: but if gradually come at there is nothing which is not of the most thrilling quality.

On each page something new appears about one or another of them: it appears to be new, because it is

BOOK REVIEWS

put into its right place and is in the right light, and it colours up. Mr. Bickley has done the group a considerable service, and put us very much in his debt. For this is the first time that I am made to feel that any of the Pre-Raphaelites really had a youth—that they were not born very old men, fumbling and muttering together in a fog—drifting around aimlessly in Chelsea—depressing and, to say the least of it, very eccentric.

Here we learn what real fellows they were, one and all. Hunt is not dwarfed by Millais, nor Millais by Rossetti. Madox Brown, if anyone, seems to me to be not quite of the stature I had expected. But now I seem to know so much about Rossetti that I am eager to look carefully once more at the book by Mr. Beerbohm, which I thought I knew so well.

Yes, Mr. Bickley has told us a very interesting story, and all the young artists of to-day who read it will find in Rossetti more of a comrade than did any of his living friends. For "Gabriel was quick-witted and idle, learning only what attracted him," when he was at King's College, and even his great friend, Holman Hunt, began before long to avoid his company; for Hunt, the serious and delightful painter, "suspected him [Rossetti] of not taking his art with sufficient seriousness." Mr. Bickley then shows us that Rossetti "took his art very seriously indeed."

What are the signs that a man is serious . . . an artist who lacks "the natural facility of Millais" and is "incapable of Holman Hunt's steady application"? What will his friends think of him if he be neither one thing nor the other? "Unamenable to discipline, intolerant of restraint," he made his confession, and neither Hunt nor Millais seems to have admired him, as a man or as an artist. For this is what he said of himself: "As soon as a thing is imposed on me as an obligation my aptitude for doing it is gone; what I *ought* to do is what I *can't* do."

Looking at Hunt and Millais and the other "Brothers," we see that about their faces which tells us that the comedy has begun.

And "Rossetti was bewildering to men who knew him far more intimately than Hunt ever did"—and what is funnier than men in a state of bewilderment?

We English hold it to be not utterly inexcusable to possess the temperament of the artist, but what is too dreadful is to submit to it. It was this we could not stand in Byron, and he said much the same thing as Rossetti. In his letter of May 31st, 1814, to Mr. Moore (Tom, for short), he wrote of an "indifference, which makes me so uncertain and apparently capricious. It is not eagerness of new pursuits, but that nothing impresses me sufficiently to *fix*; neither do I feel disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all excitements. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the slightest even, *stop* me. This can hardly be *timidity*, for I have done some impudent things too, in my time; and in almost all cases opposition is a stimulus. In mine it is not; if a straw were in my way I could not stoop to pick it up."

I will not ask when our nation is going to learn that "indifference" such as Byron's and such as Rossetti's is something to glory in—pray heaven our solemnities never discover that! The discomfort of a few first-rate artists is but a trifle to pay for those splendid, comic

moments when the spirit of solemnity, approving and disapproving, comes on to the national stage and sends us all into uncontrollable fits of laughter.

In a world of seemingly industrious men one who seems to idle is a puzzle; there's something wrong about him, they feel; just as in the golden age, when there were no industries, the one man who went here and there doing things was considered to be a lunatic. Neither age understands, and both hate to admit that an exception to a good rule is a blessing.

Rossetti was an exception, and little he cared whether we admitted it or not. Even that sound man Madox Brown, while he wrote to a friend in 1851 that Rossetti had made "some designs which are perfectly divine; I mean by that, finer than anything I have ever seen," added, "but paint he *will not*. He is too idle."

He began things and couldn't finish them; but Mr. Bickley, who knows what Rossetti was doing, says that "Brown was wrong in calling Rossetti idle at this time. He was writing some of his finest poetry." But for all this, even his friends thought he had come to a standstill. His friends! . . . the old familiar faces again! Roars of laughter.

Yes, I repeat—the Pre-Raphaelites, as they appear in this book, seem to me just the fellows that the young artists of to-day are looking for. Here are genuine painters, all of them, and determined that art shall recapture that "earlier integrity of vision" with which the men before Raphael were blessed. Isn't that one of the things the youngsters want to do to-day—to recapture integrity of vision?

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.

L'ART PRÉHISTORIQUE, by RÉNE DE SAINT-PÉRIER.
Pott 4to, pp. 76+plates 60. (Paris: Les Éditions Rieder, 1932.) Sewn, Fr. 20.

This is a most welcome addition to the publishers' series, "Maîtres de l'Art Ancien." It is a very practical and well-organized résumé of its subject. Some of the plates include half a dozen examples of prehistoric art, so that the sum total is quite considerable and thoroughly representative. Flints and carved and incised rocks and bones; drawings in line and wash, in outline and mass; cut pieces in relief and in the round; decorated utensils of the kitchen, cave and camp; defensive, offensive and of the chase; and portraits of men and animals. There are distorted nodular statuettes more intriguing than any imitation of negro sculpture, and realistic statuettes of graceful form, portrait heads in the round, and linear portraits of man, woman and beast of great perspicacity. The subjects range over the primitive animal kingdom, and the examples are derived from the widest sources. The text is summary, tracing briefly the history of pre-historic history which had its beginnings not so very long ago, but has proceeded by leaps and bounds, aided by the discoverers and supplemented by the ardent workers in the field, study and museum. Useful in its original French, this is a book which should undoubtedly appear in an English translation, for the subject is ever widening its interest and this work, at once so good and so cheap, serves as an admirable introduction.

K. P.

BOOK REVIEWS

CATALOGUE OF SCULPTURE (THIRTEENTH TO FIFTEENTH CENTURIES) IN THE COLLECTION OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA, by BEATRICE I. GILMAN. Cr. 8vo., pp. lxxx+269 illus. 67. (New York: the Hispanic Society, 1932). Cloth.

Beatrice Gilman has added three more centuries to her survey of Spanish sculpture. Her previous volume, reviewed in *Apollo* in July, 1931, dealt with the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; the present one has for its subject-matter the sculpture of the thirteenth to the fifteenth—the Gothic period. It cannot be said that the earlier is of greater importance than the later, for in Spain so much was due to outside influences which extended throughout these six centuries. Even in the Gothic period Spanish sculpture, in the main ecclesiastical, was carried forward as the last wash of the great wave which spread from France throughout Europe. There was fine native work, particularly, of the Catalan school, which was the most individualistic, but France penetrated from Roussillon beyond the Pyrénées southwards and westwards.

Miss Gilman gives the names of many of the sculptors, some of whom were carvers, others builders and architects, and while the greater number of those so usefully noted are Spanish, many of them were taught by named and unnamed artists from Burgundy and the Low Countries, from Germany and Italy, and one even from Greece. The period begins where that of the Romanesque finishes, in the *Pórtico de la Gloria* at Santiago de Compostela, the goal of the great trains of pilgrims from the east. It is interesting to realise that certain features of the *Pórtico*—features of the end of the twelfth century—are persistent until the middle of the fifteenth, as in the portal of San Martín at Noya, the work of the Master Mateo, who was responsible for so much of the later Spanish Gothic. The fantastic animals and birds of the earliest manifestations, gradually gave place to Biblical subjects and religious pictorial scenes. Burgos and León employed the master architect, Enrique, and so show similar work, but Burgos came a few years later, and it is evident that the inspiration was derived from "the île-de-France, but eclectic in its suggestion now of Reims, again of Amiens, or of Chartres," as Miss Gilman states. The Biblical subjects were supplemented by Crucifixions, the Virgin and Child, and in the interiors these images became very plentiful—some of them in stone, some in wood and stucco painted, so that as much as possible of the glitter of the silver monuments of an earlier and more opulent time should be retained. Then the retablo supervened; that elaborate decorative structure which developed from the altar ornaments, and became the most effective feature of Spanish architectural interior sculpture.

This volume is termed a catalogue, which it indeed is, of the pieces of sculpture which the Hispanic Society has so meritoriously got together. The pieces are intrinsically valuable, but their sequential value is as great, for they have led to this general survey which reflects so much credit on the Society and on Miss Gilman. There are other features of her book, however, which make for an even more valuable guidance to the subject. To the critical notes on the statues and reliefs are added thirty pages of literary and historical References under authors—few, indeed, of which are in English—and a splendid index of no less than fifty pages.

LA CARICATURE LITTÉRAIRE, by LUCIEN REFORT. Cr. 8vo., pp. 212+plates 32. (Paris: Armand Colin, 1932.) Sewn, Fr. 26.

Caricature is undoubtedly a psychological process which may be indulged in either by the writer or by the artist. It is equally certain that it is a product of realistic observation and record. Perhaps the most obvious union of the literary and linear in a caricatural exposition is the "Contes Drolatiques," wherein Balzac was supplemented by Doré. But this is caricature with a difference, for when all is said and done, the art is an exaggeration of visual apprehension. In this case it is an imaginative apprehension and therefore not a direct observation. Lucien Refort takes a wide view, with an inclination to the imaginative rather than the realistic side of the question, for he is to some extent an authority on Michelet, and not to any great extent an authority on the great linear caricaturists. Nevertheless, he has made a more or less profound research into the interrelations of the written and linear expositions, and produced a most interesting, valuable and readable book. His chapters are ingeniously projected; he deals in them respectively with the caricature of society and of the individual, and then more narrowly with the face, the body, the clothes, and, shortly but charmingly, with the child. The illustrations include examples after caricatures of all sorts by Daumier, Forain, Toulouse-Lautrec, Doré, André Gill, Léandre, Dantan, Steinlen and Gavarni among others, and the literary works he cites as the sources of his information number some seventy. These, as may be expected, are all modern, for caricature is a modern art very largely, although Callot's "Beggar" makes an earlier start, but this is on the illustrational side of life in general, while the essence of caricature as we now realize it is, the illustration of individual characteristics extended to the third degree.

K. P.

CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS (NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES) IN THE COLLECTION OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA, by ELIZABETH DU GUE TRAPIER. (New York).

The Hispanic Society of America is to be congratulated, not only upon the magnificent collection of paintings by modern Spanish artists which it has acquired, but also upon the publication of this catalogue, a model of what a catalogue should be. In these two beautifully bound and printed volumes there are 342 illustrations, supplemented in each case by a full description of the painting, together with its dimensions, its present condition and its previous history. Besides the general introduction there is a sympathetic account of each artist represented in the collection.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the followers of Goya, especially Eugenio Lucas, held aloof from the classicist faction, which included such important painters as Madrazo, many of whose pupils fell later under the influence of romanticism. To a remarkable degree the interchange of influence between France and Spain went on during the first fifty years of the century. "France was the inspiration for many Spanish artists, and Paris the adopted city of some of them, but in return Spain continued to have a strong attraction for French painters of the period," just as it had for Hugo, Gautier,

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Merimée and other literary men. The historical style contemporary with romanticism was ended by the revolutionary work of Fortuny, whose studies of light, colour and movement in the open air inspired Carbonero and others.

Nearly half of the first volume is occupied by the Valencian painter Sorolla's portraits, sea- and landscapes, sketches for the painting of Columbus leaving Palos, and the very important series illustrating the Provinces of Spain, his last work.

In the second volume an especially important place is held by Lopez Mezquita, who is splendidly represented by a large number of paintings of provincial types and portraits, the latter including a magnificent portrait of the composer Manuel de Falla. The portraits, provincial types and still-life paintings by Viladrich Vila, Zuloaga, Chicharro and other living artists are worthy of the great traditions of Spanish art.

C. K. J.

RIMBAUD: LATIN SCHOLAR

VERS DE COLLÈGE: ARTHUR RIMBAUD. Introduction et notes par JULES MOUQUET. (Mercure de France.) Fr. 10.

Monsieur Jules Mouquet is certainly blessed with a flair for exploring the juvenilia of famous authors. A few years ago, with the co-operation of the librarian of the Amiens Library, M. Mouquet was successful in discovering the MS. of part of an early drama written by E. Prarond in collaboration with Charles Baudelaire. Now, with equal fortune, M. Mouquet, after searching in vain among the archives of the Académie de Lille and the archives départementales du Nord, recently fell in with the worthy librarian of Lille University, who magically produced a certain Bulletin de l'Académie de Douai, containing some of the masterly Latin verses which Jean-Nicolas-Arthur Rimbaud composed at the age of fourteen-and-a-half.

Anything that that truculent wizard wrote interests the student of modern French verse and prose. The boy of eighteen who could boast of every talent, the self-asserted "maître en fantasmagories," the young aspirant who believed he had invented "un verbe poétique accessible à tous les sens," and who could make music out of silence and note the unnotable—"J'écrivais des silences, des nuits, je notais l'inexprimable. Je fixais des vertiges"—and who retired from the world of literature at the age of nineteen—we cannot fail to be curious of what that boy was doing with his pen at a still earlier age.

It was not only on his deathbed that he mingled everything with consummate art—as his sister relates. Already at the age of eight he rose against the routine of his first school life, whilst being remarkably alive to the blessings of Dame Nature. "Le vent rafraîchissant," he writes in an exercise book, "agitait les feuilles des arbres avec un bruissement à peu près semblable à celui que faisaient les eaux argentées du ruisseau qui coulait à mes pieds. Les fougères courbaient leur front vert devant le vent. Je m'endormis non sans m'être abreuvé de l'eau du ruisseau. . . ." A pretty prelude to Latin verse with which he was to become so familiar.

In 1860—at the age of ten—Rimbaud entered the Collège de Charleville (Ardennes), and very soon startled his professor by the extraordinary precocity of his genius. In the words of his principal: "Rien de banal ne germera

dans cette tête-là. Ce sera le génie du mal ou celui du bien."

Pride and ambition soon took the young hot-head to the top of the tree. His Latin verse was so remarkable that the Bulletin officiel de l'Académie de Douai published in its second number (January 15th, 1869) a composition entitled "Ver erat," signed Arthur Rimbaud, and dated November 6th, 1868. Rimbaud was just fourteen years old. An English adaptation of this poem will be found at the end of this review. In the words of M. Mouquet: "Rimbaud développe cette gracieuse vision en 59 hexamètres pleins de trouvailles heureuses." The text set was from half a dozen lines of Horace (Ode IV, Book III); and although the boy is speaking in the voice and tongue of the Latin poet, the sentiment and aspirations are those of Rimbaud. The doves' translation of the boy to their ethereal home and the subsequent apparition of Apollo, are themes of Rimbaud's invention.

Already his eye and ear are unusually sensitive. His verse is rich with that economy of phrase and boldness of outline which we admire in his later works. His ear is uncommonly sure in its choice of vowels. Such a line as:

Laetaque vernantis miracula cernere terrae
is as light a treatment as any fairy could invent, tripping over the cowslip fields with light fantastic toe . . . as choice a use of light and sound as he was one day to use in Une Saison en Enfer:

L'eau des bois se perdait sur les sables vierges. . . .

It is evident, of course, throughout these verses, that the young prodigy was nourishing his memory on the manna that fell from the lips of Virgil, Catullus and especially Lucretius. He was an assiduous reader. Much of the cosmic sadness of the latter poet found its way, later, into such a poem as Soleil et Chair:

Je regrette les temps de la grande Cybèle. . . .

The second composition is entitled "L'Ange et l'Enfant"—a free transposition of an arid original by J. Reboul—and a subject which Rimbaud used a year later in his "Les Etrennes des Orphelins." M. Mouquet remarks on the unusual way in which Rimbaud has opened this poem by the conjunction "and"—"Jamque . . ."—an echo of which is to be found in the beginning of "Les poètes de sept ans": Et la mère . . . ; demonstrating that the poem must have been the continuation of a semi-conscious state of dreaming into which the poet had fallen. There is a quiet and melancholic atmosphere about this poem which is characteristic of Rimbaud's earlier works.

The third describes Hercules's fight with the river-god Achelous—a more faithful translation of a poem by Delille. Rimbaud was already experimenting with the effect produced by carrying a single word over from the previous line:

Erigiturque ferox: Audes tentare lacertos
Herculeos, fremit, imprudens? . . .

Compare Les Etrennes des Orphelins:

Et l'on croyait ouïr, au fond de la serrure
Béante, un bruit lointain. . . .

and Le Forgeron:

Or, n'est-ce pas joyeux de voir au mois de juin
Dans les granges entrer des voitures de foin
Enormes? . . .

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An exciting transcription, sonorous with the wrath of wind and water, which would make any Sixth Form boy green with envy!

Biographers have woven a romance round the amazing achievement of the fourth composition, the text of which contained but the one word: *Jugurtha*. Suffice it here that despite the stern subject, our under fifteen scholar was not beaten: he produced eighty lines of an original character wherein are co-ordinated many a reminiscence of his travel books dealing with Algeria and the East—a part of the world he was always thirsting after. . . . Here, unexpectedly, we find Rimbaud blowing the national trumpet:

O gladios torquete iterum, memoresque Jugurthae
Pellite victores, patriae libate cruorem. . . .
and Jugurtha bows before Napoleon III.

Unfortunately the sixth cannot be found: it would have been amusing, for the subject was: "Sancho Panza pays a tribute to his dead ass with tears and grateful praise."

Then we come to the most interesting discovery in the book; for who dare say they have not a sly admiration for the boy who can carry off an intelligent practical joke of the following nature?

In the April number, 1870, of the same Bulletin, Rimbaud's professor published a translation of the first twenty-six lines of Lucretius's "De natura rerum," under the title: Invocation à Vénus. (This fragment, therefore, constitutes the first known piece of French verse written by Rimbaud—being "six to eight months anterior to his Etrennes des Orphelins.") M. Mouquet quickly made the discovery that this translation was none other than a fraudulent plagiarism of Sully Prudhomme's version published in 1869 (when the latter was just double Rimbaud's age.) The young lion had not only succeeded in mystifying his professor, but he had also had the conceit of altering and—true!—improving some of the weaknesses of Prudhomme's prosody. Both versions are given in the text and provide an interesting comparison. "Les jeunes ont toutes les audaces," cries M. Mouquet, with a sigh of admiration. We recall the element of intrigue which prompted the youths Baudelaire, Prarond and Levassieur to mystify their contemporaries over some of their joint verse.

M. Mouquet follows this mystification with another problem, by publishing a Latin composition signed in the same periodical, two months later, by Alfred Mabilie, a fellow pupil of Rimbaud in the Charleville College. Subject: "La cloche," from a poem by Schiller. Five stanzas of ten hexameters—with a refrain at the end of each stanza:

Omnia sic pereunt, rapide per inania raptā. . . .

M. Mouquet's keen observation noted that a few months later Rimbaud uses almost the same scheme in his *Jugurtha*—with the refrain:

Nascitur Arabiis ingens in colibus infans. . . .

and, closely comparing the two compositions, M. Mouquet throws out the challenge that here is another mystification: Is not this the work of Arthur Rimbaud rather than of Alfred Mabilie? We know that Arthur frequently "cooked," for his fellow pupils, the Latin compositions set in class; so consummate was his skill. "J'ai tous les talents"! . . .

Before coming to the last episode in this collection of college verse it is time to draw the reader's attention to the French translations which M. Mouquet supplies facing the Latin text. "Traduction aussi précise que possible," pleads M. Mouquet with his customary modesty and zeal for accuracy. But these translations are more than an accurate rendering into French, they are prose poems themselves, fashioned in a language which calls to mind the incomparable prose of the greatest French interpreter of Greek poetic thought. It is just and pleasant to recall that in "Le Souvenir de Pierre Louys," published in 1928 by the Mercure de Flandre, a letter from the author of "Les Chansons de Bilitis" to M. Jules Mouquet (December 11th, 1906) congratulates the latter, in terms of the most cordial admiration, on his prose translations of the Epigrams of Leonidas. Those who have forgotten or are unacquainted with their Latin may eagerly turn to the French version. Rimbaud, we are sure, is pleased with his translator.

M. Mouquet's final contribution is not the least important. For it throws much light upon the contentious poem—"Ce qu'on dit au Poète à propos de fleurs"—which Rimbaud sent to Théodore de Banville on July 14th, 1871, as a last hope that the influence of his hero would secure a place for him amongst the Parnassians, Lemerre having refused publication of previous verse submitted by the ambitious positivist. From a reference in the third stanza to the Jeux Floraux de l'Académie de Clémence Isaure, M. Mouquet proffers the theory that Rimbaud, intent on getting his verse into print at any cost, tried his luck with this literary contest . . . and failed for possible reasons of clerical error, as the entrance formalities were exceptionally rigorous.

A theory with which M. Mouquet bids farewell to the volume.

* * *

Extraordinary Rimbaud! despot of words and ideals, and student of at least ten languages! As you ground the inkwell with your pen on the hard benches of Charleville College, did you ever picture yourself satisfying your thirst for exploration, lumbering over the wilds of Abyssinia with the weight of ten hard-earned kilogrammes of gold on your back? As we follow the rapid reel of your unhappy life-film to its tragic end in a Marseille hospital where you might "at least watch the liners go out," we are tempted to believe that your happiest moments may have been spent in intimate association with the classics. "Vers de Collège" has a human ring about it. . . .

MALCOLM McLAREN.

* * *

VER ERAT. . . .

It was springtime, and Orbilius was lying prostrate with an illness which confined him to Rome: the weapons of a fearful master were silenced; the sound of his blows fell no more upon my ears, and the thong no longer tortured my limbs with stirring pain. I took advantage of the moment; I reached the smiling fields, heedless of everything. . . . Thanks to my escape and the absence of care, sweet joys refreshed my mind from the fatigue of work. Invested with a delicious content, my heart forgot the fastidious routine of school and the dull lessons of the master; I enjoyed looking at the

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distant fields and observing the happy miracles of Spring. It was not merely the vain idleness of a country walk that I sought as a child: my little heart contained far greater aspirations. Some more divine mind added wings to my exalted senses; dumb with admiration, my eyes contemplated the spectacle; into my bosom was imbibed the love of the warm countryside: in such a way is the iron ring attracted by the secret strength of the Magnesian magnet and held there silently by invisible hooks.

Now all my limbs were aching from my long wanderings: I lay down on the verdant bank of a river, lulled by its faint murmurings, and ate of the fruit of leisure, rocked by the zephyr wind and the concert of birds. Lo! through the ethereal valley doves came flying, a white company, carrying in their beaks a wreath of perfumed flowers which Venus had culled in the gardens of Cyprus. This band, in gentle flight, reached the turf where I was lying outstretched; then, flapping their wings about me, they surrounded my head and bound my hands with a verdant chain; and, garlanding my temples with sweet myrtle, they bore me away, a light burden, into space. . . . Their company carried me up to the high clouds, half drowsy beneath a frond of roses; the wind with its breathing caressed my couch as it swayed idly about.

As soon as the doves had reached their paternal homes, and with rapid flight had entered their palace suspended from a high mountain, they put me down on the ground, and left me, awake. O sweet abode of the birds! . . . A shining light, shed about my shoulders, covers my whole body with its pure rays: and that light was very different from the sombre light that obscures our eyes when it is mingled with darkness. Its celestial origin is unacquainted with terrestrial light. A divine power permeates my breast with some celestial stream that flows within me like a flooded river.

Now the doves return: they carry in their beaks a crown of wreathed laurel, similar to that of Apollo, who likes to lead the melodious choirs with his finger. But when they had wreathed my head with the crown of laurel, lo! the heavens opened beneath my astonished gaze and I beheld, suddenly, flying on a golden cloud, Phoebus himself, who proffered me the harmonious plectrum with his divine hand; and on my head he inscribed these words with celestial flame: "A POET SHALT THOU BE!" . . . Then there crept into my limbs an extraordinary warmth: thus, resplendent with its crystal pureness, a limpid fountain burns with the rays of the sun. Then, too, the doves abandoned their previous form: the choir of the Muses appears, singing its songs in sweet accord; they take me in their tender arms and raise me into the air, as they utter the prophecy three times, and three times crown my brow with laurel.

RIMBAUD ARTHUR

6 Novembre 1868 Externe libre du collège de
Charleville. Né à
Charleville le 20 Octobre 1854.

Translated by MALCOLM McLAREN.

The writer hopes to publish later an English translation of the whole of "Vers de Collège," including M. Mouquet's introduction and notes.

HANDBOOK TO THE TENIERS TAPESTRIES, by H. C. MARILLIER. With 115 illustrations. (Oxford University Press.) 21s. net.

Following upon the same author's "English Tapestries of the 18th Century," the Oxford University Press have now issued as No. 2 of their Tapestry Monographs Mr. Marillier's "Handbook to the Teniers Tapestries." The handbook is, of course, admirable. Mr. Marillier has given a detailed description of most of the signed examples that are known, and has grouped them according to their weavers and place of origin. Moreover, the text is accompanied by one hundred and fifteen small but clear illustrations. As a book of reference it is, therefore, indispensable.

Even the general reader of "Art-books," unacquainted with Teniers and his phenomenal vogue in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century, will find, no doubt to his surprise, much enjoyment and food for thought in these pages. He will, for instance, wonder how it was that such a painter as Teniers, whose work depends so much on his touch and finish, should have become popular with tapestry weavers and their patrons, more especially when he remembers Louis XIV's disgusted "*Otez-moi ces magots!*" as applied to the originals. He will be amused, too, by the ingenuity with which the cartoonists played a kind of "jig-saw" game with the various Teniers themes. All the high principles of æsthetical purist he will here see defied by the weavers, whose principal aim was to imitate the oil painting, carved frame and all. It is also interesting to note that whilst most of these tapestries were the products of Brussels looms, Lille, Beauvais, Aubusson and Soho had their share of production, but that the weavers everywhere seem to have been Flemings.

H. F.

TWO CHILDREN'S BOOKS FROM MURRAY'S—*"George and Angela,"* told and illustrated by CICELY ENGLEFIELD, 2s. net. *"The Golden Keys,"* by HAMPDEN GORDON, with illustrations by MARY OLDFIELD, 6s. net. (London: John Murray.)

Fairy-tales are the easiest form of literature; they go back to a very early instinct for playing with one's young; almost anyone who can speak English can tell a tale that will keep the nursery quiet for half an hour. But not everyone can tell it with the grace and understanding of the authors of these two volumes. "George and Angela" is the story of two little mice who didn't like going to bed; and the woodcuts alone would make it worth its two shillings. "The Golden Keys," by the author of "Through the Enchanted Wood," is a further account of the adventures of Paradoc the Gnome, and the illustrations, though uneven, are good at their best. In the course of his travels Paradoc finds the answers to such vital questions of the day as: Witches, can you be rude to them safely? M.A. and M.D., what they really stand for; and Woofles, why they whine for white wool. Clearly no well-informed nursery can afford to be without this work.

G. G. W.

AN EXHIBITION AT THE GREATOREX GALLERIES

We are informed that an important exhibition of etchings and engravings by Mr. Percy Smith will be held at the Greatorex Galleries during February.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: NEW ACQUISITIONS

The interest in the new acquisitions of the National Portrait Gallery is naturally divided and concentrated upon the portrayed rather than the portrayers. So far as the former are concerned only few of these can be regarded as of great general interest. Probably the most important in this sense are Lord Birkenhead, Lord Curzon, Cecil Rhodes and Keir Hardie, and in the second rank of temporary appeal, Sir Humphry Davy, the chemist and perfecter of the miner's safety lamp; Charles Green, aeronaut, who ascended in a balloon to a height of over five miles, as far back as 1838; Mrs. Beeton, the author of the famous cookery book; Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; Sir George Everest, after whom the highest mountain in the world is named; and the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria. Few, except historians, will be thrilled by the portraits of Sir Charles Lucas, Royalist, Admiral de Saumarez, Lord Durham, Governor-General of Canada, Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hongkong, and only those interested in the history of art by the portraits of Paul Falconer Poole, Francis Holl, Frank Holl, Sir Charles Robinson, Alphonse Legros, Conder and William Holman Hunt.

The most important paintings from the artist's point of view are William Dobson's likeness of Sir Charles Lucas, a dull but efficient piece of work, Thomas Phillips's portraits of Lord Durham and of Sir Humphry Davy and Winterhalter's replica of his portrait of the Duchess of Kent, all three in the manner originated by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Frank Holl's rather laboured but strong portrait of his father, and his own early self-portrait. Sargent's portrait of Lord Curzon, Solomon's portrait of Raphael Meldola, the chemist, Mr. Oswald Birley's portrait of Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Charles Shannon's portrait of Alphonse Legros allow one to make interesting comparisons between contemporary or almost contemporary painters. It must be confessed that Mr. Shannon's low-toned and "old Masterish" Legros possesses infinitely more æsthetical unity than the others; Sargent's "Curzon" seems a blatant piece of work; Solomon's "Meldola," in spite of its apparently photographically accurate modelling, reveals its inorganic drawing, especially in the contour of the nose; Mr. Oswald Birley has given us a likeness of Lord Birkenhead's head which does him considerably more credit than the sitter.

THE PASTEL SOCIETY

Time and again I have had occasion to comment on the fact that these pastel painters do not seem able to enjoy their medium as much as they could if they exploited its peculiarities to the full. The majority of the exhibitors here seem anxious to prove that one can so handle chalk that you can hardly distinguish it from oil or water-colour painting. It is true, of course; but as pastel needs special care in its handling the advantage of using it for such purposes is not obvious. Now there is one quality in pastel that, in my experience, cannot be got out of any other medium; I am not referring to the obvious "bloom" which it so naturally yields, but to the strong

carrying power of some of its blues, oranges, yellows, reds, greens and whites. By skilful juxtaposition and contrasting of colours it is possible even to obtain an effect of translucency or irradiation. The medium has enabled Miss Josephine White in her picture of the "Ambulatory of Chartres Cathedral" to get this translucency in a way which neither oil nor water-colours could possibly rival.

Now it is this quality of brilliance for which our pastel painters but seldom try. They seem mostly obsessed by the "bloom," which they, however, lose because the pictures are doomed to be seen under glass.

On the other hand, there are quite a number of exhibitors who manifestly do enjoy the possibility of *drawing* with pastels, and who therefore do get something at least which distinguishes their works from the *painted* variety. Amongst those who *draw* successfully and who often have something worth while to say I may mention Mr. Steven Spurrier and Miss M. M. McDonald, Miss Stuart Weir, "Pigalle," Mr. Knighton Hammond, especially in the excellent man's "Portrait," Mrs. Borough Johnson, Mr. H. Butler, Mr. Stef. Fisher, Mr. Montague Smyth, Miss Carey Morgan, Mr. E. B. Waggett, Mr. J. R. K. Duff and Mr. Lewis Baumer. There are, of course, a number of able performances in the painter's method, notably by Mr. Arthur J. W. Burgess and Mr. Arthur Wardle. But none of these things are especially exhilarating, and one comes to Mr. Duncan Grant and Mr. Nevinson's work, not so much because of their use of the medium as such but because they have more to say *with* their medium than the rest.

THE LEICESTER GALLERY EXHIBITIONS:

ETCHINGS BY AUGUSTUS JOHN;

PAINTINGS BY JOAN JAMESON;

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY JAMES WOOD

From the Preface and the Biographical Note which precede the catalogue to this exhibition we are warned that Mr. James Wood is a person of some importance. He is, we gather, an experienced theoretician, and Mr. Stanley Spencer assures us that if we learn to play Mr. Wood's "instrument" we shall "get some very fine music." It is, of course, possible; but as Mr. Wood does not supply his book of instruction with the catalogue it is difficult to learn how to play this instrument. There is some evidence that can, however, be interpreted without the book. For example, it is clear that Mr. Wood can draw accurately and well. There is further evidence that he has a sense of colour, which even an "uninstructed" person can recognize as pleasing. But there is also proof that he does not always choose to draw either accurately or well, and that his colour orchestration is sometimes extraordinarily harsh. There is finally the strong suggestion that his pictures are often, perhaps always, built up on theories. In the composition called "The Wreath" there is probably some meaning attached to the duplication of contours, just as in the "Girl on a Couch" there is, one imagines, some meaning attached to the green contour line. Nevertheless, as some of the pictures, for example the "Lady standing in front of a carpet," seem to me simply poor in quality and empty in meaning, I reluctantly conclude that I

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cannot play his instrument; there is, of course, the possibility that the instrument may not be as good as Mr. Spencer seems to think it is. I confess, however, that I cannot get a perfect tune out of Mr. Spencer's own instrument, so my dilemma remains unrelieved.

To enjoy Miss Joan Jameson's paintings requires no special training. She has a broad manner of handling her medium—oil paint—and she has a not unpleasing way of seeing Nature. I distinctly prefer her more abstract works such as the "Decoration" and the "Christmas Tree." These are jolly and satisfying so far as they go—in the others she does not seem to me to get enough nature into her design, or enough design out of nature, to make her pictures personal and entirely satisfying.

In the front gallery there is an exhibition of Mr. Augustus John's etchings, but as there are no new ones there is nothing new to say about them.

THE FOYLE ART GALLERY: PAINTINGS BY CLAUDE PRESCOTT

Mr. Claude Prescott's paintings remind me a little of the "He-Man" convention of the films. He is bold and, I suppose, aims at virility. He can draw, as witnessed especially by the slight animal drawings, "Cat," "Peter the Cat," etc. He has also good psychological insight, as may be seen in the "Portrait" and the "Jacob Schwarz." His "Nude" and his "Wrestler" likewise give evidence of his fundamental ability. But it is all done on too large a scale, with too much reliance on contour line instead of contrasted tones to indicate planes; it all gives the impression of haste and, therefore, the interest in each work is too quickly exhausted. Painting, in fact art, is an occupation that requires both masculine and feminine qualities, the loud but also the soft pedal, precision but also subtlety, strength but also endurance, power but also patience—that is why there are so few men artists and so much fewer women artists.

MISS SYBIL ANDREWS AND MR. CYRIL E. POWER AT THE REDFERN GALLERY

I once observed a water-colour painter rocking a drawing of his to and fro as if he were developing a negative. Enquiry brought forth the explanation that by rocking the very wet colour about in this manner he obtained "lovely effects" and "beautiful accidents." That, although I am sure it would be fiercely contested by Miss Andrews and Mr. Cyril Power, is also part of the main attraction of "monotypes." A monotype, be it explained, is a print from a metal plate on which a picture has been painted, and an impression made of it whilst the colours are still moist. Its original object was, not as the foreword to the catalogue suggests, a "jeu d'esprit," but a *weight-saving* device. It is much easier to carry one metal plate and a hundred sheets of paper than to carry in one's sketching outfit, no metal plate, it is true, but only half-a-dozen cardboards. The monotype served pre-eminently as a "colour-sketch." But as the artists themselves say in their "Foreword": "It is very difficult to judge of the final effect until the print has been taken." In

other words, things happen in the print which were neither foreseen nor intended in the painting. Having insisted on this, I am prepared to agree that some pleasant effects can be got which are not obtainable by any other method, and that, especially Mr. Power has got them. I mention amongst many especially his "Liverpool Street Station," "My Fiddles," "The Power House at Dusk," and "Gasometers."

Mr. Power's and Miss Andrews's colour-prints from linoleum blocks are well known. They owe their inspiration to Mr. Claude Flight, whose abstract theories have been successfully applied. These prints are so much alike that it is often difficult to distinguish the authors. On the whole Miss Andrews favours a suaver curve, which in such a subject as "Full Cry" rather suggests a "slow motion" picture of a film. In both cases, however, the colour pattern desired is often exceedingly pleasing.

At the Galleries of Messrs. Reid and Lefevre are to be seen drawings by Miss Jean Sheppard and paintings by Miss Patricia Wetzel. They both are young artists of distinct accomplishment. Miss Sheppard's drawings are in charcoal, pastel and crayon which she handles authoritatively—"tempering the wind to the shorn lamb" so to speak; in other words allowing her methods to be modified by the subject. Although she has drawings of still life and landscapes, her strong point is manifestly her portraiture. She evokes varying moods according to the impression the sitter has made on her, and not a little of the charm of this exhibition consists in comparing the variations, occasionally on one theme, as for example, in the "Head" and the "R. O. Dunlop."

Miss Wetzel's strong point is her sense of colour. She has, I guess, been much influenced by the study of Renoir, Bonnard, and possibly Marie Laurencin, but there is no evidence of copying any of these artists. She keeps her key high with occasional strong accents, and preserves an æsthetic unity in most. The exceptions are one or two paintings such as the "Musical Clowns—Bertram Mills' Circus, 1933," and the "Decorative Panel," which are in a different scheme of colour and a mood that does not suit her quite so well, more especially as the actual drawing of figures is not her strongest point. In the following examples of landscape, still life and figure paintings she is at her very best: "Venetian Child with flowers," "The Arum Lily," "La Zeccha." They are delightful.

So far as one can see the pictures—the light and the reflections on the glass is always very trying in the *Camera Club* Room—Mr. George W. Leech's water-colours are extremely efficient. Mr. Leech handles his medium with impeccable skill, but he does not appear to be greatly moved by nature. Only in such things as the lighting of the "Interior of an Essex Barn" and the dramatic shapes of the hulls in "Laid Up" is there any sign of deeper feeling, at least in my opinion. By contrast, the "Original design for the Safety Curtain of the Cambridge Theatre," a concentric arrangement round the "Seven Dials," conveys much more vitality. The oils are not as good as the water-colours, and the portrait of the artist's son "Bill" looks like an enlargement of a photograph "hand coloured"; perhaps it is.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

At the *Wertheim Gallery* are paintings by *R. Verspyck* and water-colours by *Norah McGuiness*. The latter have a pleasant and consistent tonal unity, rather low in key and depending upon vigorous use of outline. The former artist has authentic emotion particularly strong and effective in the almost menacing heaviness of "Winter, Kent." "The Ship" and "Bird" are other pictures interesting as "emotive fragments"; but the amusing "Bouille à baisse" has such fragments so scattered, and several of the other subjects suffer from a similar lack of concentration that one feels the need of further study.

This *General Exhibition of the London Artists' Association* contains a number of interesting paintings. Foremost among them are *Mr. Douglas Davidson*. Perhaps I have formerly not been sufficiently conscious of this artist's merits, at all events his portrait, "The Negress" and his flower piece, "Summer Bouquet" seem to me to possess to an exceptional degree the quality of sensitive and distinctive colour orchestration, impossible to describe in words, but of the *Duncan Grant* school. *Mr. William Roberts's* "The Ballet" is also attractive in colour and marks a change from his usual brick and blue, and the robot-like character is here less pronounced. His picture "Masks," however, seems to me to be—from his own point of view—gilding the lilies; his characters themselves being "mask-like," so that one can hardly notice the difference. *Mr. Bernard Meninsky* has some paintings with nice if obvious colour schemes, such as his "Flowers," but they are weak in definition; or rather his "handwriting" tends to obliterate the spatial relations. *Mr. Passmore's* picture "Still Life" seemed somewhat eerily attractive in its ghostly green, white and grey phantasmic rendering, until one discovered in "The Shrimp Girl" and "Mill Bank" that it apparently represents a formula and not a mood. *Mr. Frederic Porter's* "Flowers" though good in colour, is lacking in concentration; his picture has too many focuses of interest. The balance between the "handwriting" of the artist's brush work and the indispensable definition of object-forms rather detracts from *Mr. Allan Walton's* "Hastings," and to a lesser extent also in his "Southend Pier." In his "Sommerton Staithe," however, a different treatment and richer colour scheme combined with a rendering of light that communicates a sense of infinite distance in the sky is very satisfying. Other paintings worth special mention are *Mr. Morland Lewis's* firmly composed if rather obvious "Carpenter's Bench," and *Mr. R. V. Pitchforth's* "The Embankment," which gives one a sense of moving along it. *Miss Elizabeth Muntz's* "Erda," purchased by the Contemporary Art Society for presentation to the City Art Gallery, Manchester, I unfortunately overlooked, probably because it was the only piece of sculpture in the exhibition.

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Correction.—We regret that, owing to a clerical error, a misprint occurred in our January issue in *Mr. Kineton Parkes's* article "This Matter of Form." The exhibition at *Mr. Sydney Burney's Galleries* should have been described as "Sculpture Considered Apart from Time and Place," whereas the word "Space" was used, making the title meaningless.

OUR FRONTISPIECE, QUEEN ELIZABETH (NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY)

Of the several portraits of Queen Elizabeth in the National Portrait Gallery the one we reproduce in *Apollo* this month is certainly the most characteristic of contemporary methods of English painting. It follows the manner of *Hilliard* and the miniaturists rather than the freer style of *Marcus Gheeraerds* and the Continental schools. The jaundiced and parchment-like skin speaks eloquently of the Queen's notorious ill-health, and gives an impression of an almost inhuman remoteness from mundane things. The picture looks like a representation of a strange waxen effigy bedizened in a finery that is bordering on the grotesque. Yet this delicate woman possessed a brain subtle and powerful enough to enable her to steer the ship of State for forty-five years past the shoals and quicksands of one of the most critical and dangerous periods in English history. Apart from its obvious decorative qualities, the picture is of great documentary value as an illustration of costume.

This plate will be of topical interest to our readers in view of the Elizabethan Exhibition now being held in London.

SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN, BART.

A generosity, almost phenomenal, which has distinguished the multifarious benefactions bestowed upon the world of art, too numerous to be recounted here, has brought *Sir Joseph Duveen* the well-deserved honour of a peerage. In offering its sincerest congratulations the *Apollo* ventures to express the hope that his presence in the House of Lords will act as a further safeguard against the many and often impersonal agencies which so frequently interfere with and mitigate against the preservation or acquisition of the Nation's Treasures of Art.

THE NEW YEAR GROUP AT THE FRENCH GALLERY

The "New Year Group" consists mostly of old friends such as *Henry Bishop*, *Alfred Hayward*, *J. B. Manson*, *Maresco Pearce* and others, with *Miss Jo Jones* as the most interesting newcomer. *Miss Jones* is "modern" and with plenty of "go"; her life-size "Nude Study" in fact gives more evidence of natural vitality than of study. I can never understand why so many young artists exhibit such things which, quite apart from merit or demerit, are far too large to be hung in ordinary rooms. Their only justification could be as specimens of the artist's abilities, but it follows that only exceptionally successful studies should be considered worthy of exhibition. *Miss Jones's* still-life and the cubic rather than cubistic landscape "Caserna-Sion" would make pleasant decorations for modern rooms. I have never enjoyed any of *Mr. Maresco Pearce's* paintings more than his still-life compositions, "Portrait of a Woman" and "Venus," here. They seem to me much better "organised," both in linear rhythm and colour arrangement, than his town scenes, in which the eye is so frequently bothered by the artist's preference for the fortuitous pattern of wrought iron balusters or lamp-standards, the design of which is after all a heterogeneous element in the design of the picture. The "Portrait of a Woman," a title that hardly explains itself however, is especially pleasing in its contrasts of paper figures and the plaster figure of the crouching Venus and the play of line, light and colour they induce.

ART IN THE SALEROOM

PICTURES & PRINTS • FURNITURE • PORCELAIN & POTTERY
SILVER • OBJETS D'ART



MORTLAKE TAPESTRY (8 ft. 3 in. by 15 ft. 3 in.) WOVEN WITH THE MONTHS OF JULY,
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER (Messrs. Christie's, February 9th, 1933)

VALUES in the auction room are governed by many different factors, and variations in prices are often a source of wonder to the uninitiated. In a year which witnesses the dispersal of several important collections prices generally show an upward tendency, whereas when the market is comparatively bare of fine things there is often a corresponding decline in values, even for works of first quality.

It is therefore refreshing to record that though few collections of note appeared in the saleroom during the past year the prices realized indicated a renewed activity on the part of both the collector and the dealer.

Silver maintained its value throughout the year, old English furniture found ready buyers, while unique pieces at times aroused bidding of the most enthusiastic character.

The sales of the Ramsden, Ruffer and Arnold collections at Christie's produced results which should have satisfied the vendors; excellent prices considering present circumstances were obtained at Sotheby's for the Glogowski faience, the pictures sold on June 9th, the Epstein bronzes, and the "Cries of London," while the dispersal of the Lady Louis Mountbatten collection at Brook House, held by Puttick & Simpson's in May, and that at Milton Abbey, by Messrs. Phillips, Son & Neale, in September, were both productive of good results.

There were, too, some remarkable prices made for relics during the season, objects of trifling intrinsic value being most keenly purchased; the Carlyle sale at Sotheby's, for instance, realizing a total far in excess of the most sanguine anticipations, while the sale of Nelson relics at Christie's also exceeded all expectations.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable feature of the season was the persistent demand for old English silver, which in spite of the world-wide financial depression well maintained its price throughout the year, both at Christie's and Sotheby's.

The sales of pictures held during 1932 call for little comment. Mid-Victorian favourites received an unfavourable reception on their various appearances, but the works of modern men such as Richard Sickert sold well, while a total of £20,490 was attained at Sotheby's on June 9th, when a collection of Old Masters from various

sources was dispersed, the feature of this sale being the sale of a portrait of a smuggler by Frans Hals, discovered in a house in Ireland, which attained the excellent figure of £3,600.

One picture record has to be recorded, when in March, at Christie's, a Conversation piece by the eighteenth-century painter Arthur Devis, "The Love Song," realized 2,300 guineas.

Finally, mention must be made of the sale of the first portion of the Chester Beatty collection of early manuscripts in June at Sotheby's. With one or two exceptions the whole of the thirty-two items were sold, the total of £23,053 being realized.

Few important dispersals are at present scheduled for the coming season. The Hirsch collection will no doubt be the feature of the summer season at Christie's, but apart from this and a further selection of manuscripts from the Chester Beatty collection arrangements for various important sales are still pending.

On February 9th Christie's are selling the collection of porcelain, decorative objects, furniture, textiles, rugs and tapestry formed by the late Mr. Frederick Seymour Clarke, but apart from the tapestry the collection includes little of importance.

This section includes a fine panel of seventeenth-century Enghien tapestry, illustrated in Thomson's "History of Tapestry," p. 216; a pair of panels of eighteenth-century Lille tapestry, signed Jean Boucher; and a superb panel of seventeenth-century Mortlake tapestry, signed Julius Augustine, September.

The same firm are holding a somewhat similar sale of pieces from various sources on the 16th, while they are also selling, on the 6th and following day, the library of Mr. F. S. Clarke, and a number of other books from the library of the late Mr. Arthur Huntley Walker and others.

Important silver is a feature of a sale at Christie's on the 15th, the lots including an Elizabethan standing salt and cover, a fifteenth century mazer, a James I wine cup and a rare George II Scottish-tea service.

On Thursday, February 2nd, Sotheby's are selling the contents of No. 7, Stratton Street, Mayfair, by order of the executors of the late Mrs. A. M. Salomons. The sale, which extends to

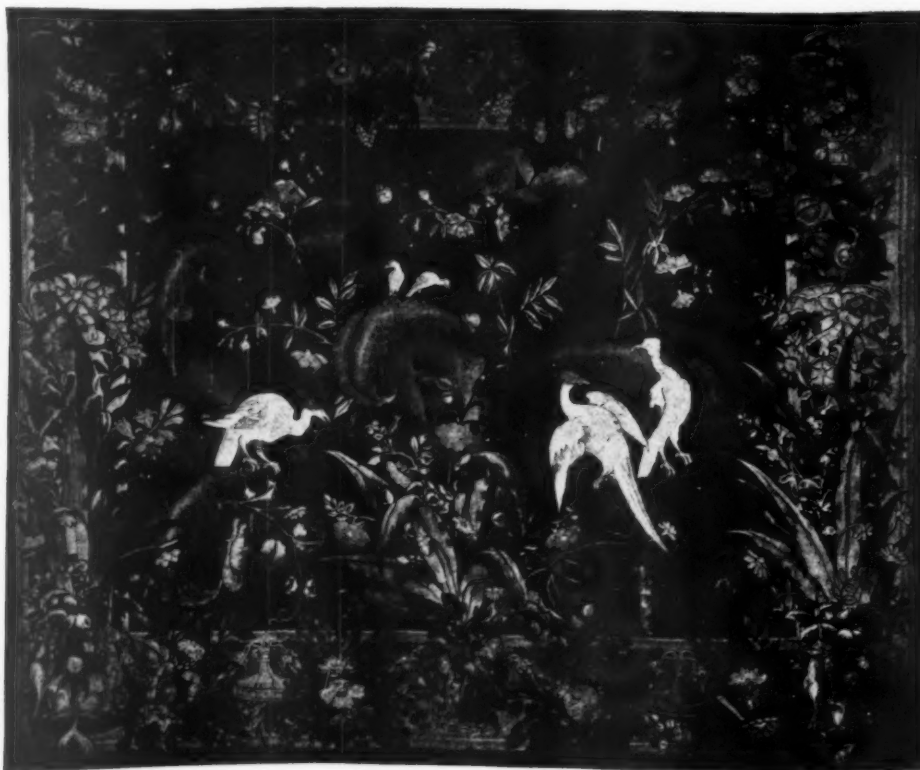
ART IN THE SALEROOM

over 300 lots, includes English and French furniture, Chinese and English porcelain, antique Caucasian and Persian rugs and pictures and prints.

Of the pictures perhaps the most important is a fine example of the work of Adam Buck. It is a water-colour signed and dated 1823, and shows the artist with his wife and two children in an interior decorated with Greek vases.

at their Bond Street galleries on February 10th, many of the items being the property of the late Lady Mary Agnes Hughes.

One of these is a rare Plymouth figure of a shepherdess wearing a blue hat, a yellow bodice with short sleeves, and a puce-coloured brocaded skirt, standing on a flower-encrusted scroll base with a crook in her right hand. This figure, which measures 12 in. in



AN ENGHIEEN PANEL

(Messrs. Christie's)

Notable pieces amongst the furniture include a very fine George I gilt mirror, the frame carved with leafage in gesso, surmounted by a boldly-carved group of leaves springing from acanthus foliage, a Louis XVI satinwood work-table in two tiers, inlaid with a trellis design, and a set of eight Sheraton painted mahogany chairs.

Amongst the china must be noted a Ming vase and cover, 18 in. high, of baluster form decorated with ladies before pavilions at domestic pursuits, in "the five colours," a *famille verte* figure of a mandarin duck, and a large Ch'ien Lung *famille rose* vase of bottle shape, decorated with chrysanthemums, peonies and prunus.

The rugs include Kabistan and Shirvan runners, Asia Minor prayer rugs and an antique Caucasian rug closely woven with conventional flower forms.

Other items worthy of note include a fine cut-glass candelabra with twelve swan-neck candle branches, a Soho tapestry panel woven with flowers in natural colours on a blue ground, and a pair of Louis XVI ormolu wall lights finely chased and pierced in the manner of Weisweiler.

English, Continental and Chinese porcelain, Old English furniture, glass and objets d'art are the feature of Sotheby's sale

height, is similar to one illustrated in "Old English Porcelain," by W. B. Honey, plate 89. Other items include a Staffordshire puzzle jug painted in relief with a huntsman and hounds at the kill; a pair of Worcester plates from the famous service made for the Duke of Clarence, painted by Pennington; and a Chelsea "Goat and Bee" jug with the incised triangle mark.

From an anonymous source comes an interesting documentary dated armorial plate of octagonal shape painted in the centre with a canting crest of Lotnian, "He does not sleep who keeps guard," supported on a bridge which spans a river. In the corner is a milestone dated 1768.

Amongst furniture the property of Mr. H. F. Lucas of Rugby is a fine Charles I refectory table with a rectangular top on a yew-tree base, 7 ft. 4 in. long; while most important among some furniture sent for sale by Miss E. M. Percival Hart are a George I gilt wall mirror and a characteristic Sheraton mahogany break-front sideboard.

Other furniture deserving mention includes a Queen Anne walnut side table; an eighteenth-century mahogany bracket clock, by John Hallifax, London; a George I walnut toilet mirror; and an early Georgian mahogany basin-stand with circular top.